

# New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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Vol. VII.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams, } PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE  
(One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, ... 5.00.  
Two copies, one year, ... 8.00.)

No. 326.

## SAYING GOOD-NIGHT.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

The hour is getting late, my dear;  
The moon is out of sight,  
And so I think I'd better go—  
Good-night, my love, good-night!

How fair your face is now, my sweet,  
Kissed by that star's soft light!  
I'm jealous of such kisses, and  
I'll kiss you—so—good-night!

Wait! let me twine this rose among  
Your curls. Oh, charming sight!  
A picture made for me to kiss—  
Dear, kiss me back, good-night!

How still the night is! not a bird  
Is anywhere in sight,  
I'm glad, for—kiss me—they'll not see  
How lovers say good-night!

Ah, I must go. This will not do.  
Sleep woo your eyes so bright,  
And so—this is the twentieth time—  
Let's kiss and say good-night!

## OLD DAN RACKBACK, The Great Exterminator: OR, THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,"  
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE,"  
"HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

A DANGEROUS, YET LUDICROUS AFFAIR.

DAKOTA DAN was almost shocked by the new peril that now menaced him. His tongue had become paralyzed and his lips sealed in silence. He could see the outlines of a human face before him, and feel the pressure of the cold steel tube of the revolver against his bloodless cheeks.

There was just light enough struggling through the grass to relieve the space under the wagon of its Egyptian gloom, and enable Dan to distinguish the partial outlines of a beardless face just behind the threatening weapon. He tried to make out to whom the face belonged, but the swaying of the lantern caused the light, shining through the grass, to dance and flicker in checkered bars across the visage of the unknown, so that it was impossible to study his features.

He saw, however, that, like himself, the stranger was lying face downward, and that his elbows were resting upon the ground, while with his left hand he steadied the right, which held the revolver.

Dan glared at the unknown for full a minute, with a look of dumb astonishment; but he was not the man to remain thus, even though death stared him in the face.

In moments of danger, thoughts force themselves upon the mind without any apparent volition of the will, and so it occurred to Dan's perturbed wits, that, if the stranger was an enemy to the Indians and outlaws, he could not be an enemy to him, and that their—Dan's and the stranger's—safety was of a mutual consideration. He thought that the man had perhaps assumed his threatening attitude with the intention of imposing silence upon him, knowing, or at least fearing, that the sudden discovery of his presence under any less threatening position might lead to some inadvertency that would cost both of them their lives. It was precisely what the old borderman would have done himself, had he been in the stranger's place and known that a friend was coming upon him unawares of his presence.

Dan soon recovered his usual composure, though he remained perfectly quiet. He found that he had thrown himself into a position similar to that of the stranger—that is, he lay face downward with his elbows resting on the ground, his hands elevated, one clutching his revolver and the other steadying it. By depressing the muzzle of his weapon slightly, it pointed directly into the face of the unknown; and with a nod of the head and a wink of the eye, which seemed to say, "now fire, will you? and I will too!" the old ranger placed his finger upon the trigger of the weapon and compressed his lips in a manner that implied a cool, fearless determination not to yield an inch.

Meanwhile, the wildest demonstrations were being made among the savages and outlaws. Briefly as possible, Prince De Lano, the wagon-master, told his troubles, and at once dispatched a score of mounted red-skins to search the plain for the unknown enemy. The others stood huddled around the wagon like cattle, and now and then one or two would advance and peer under the canvas at the captive, retiring with ejaculations that denoted admiration.

The noise and confusion were kept up by the outlaws and their red allies much to the relief of Dakota Dan. It enabled him to "face the music" under the wagon without any diversion of attention.

Both he and his unknown companion maintained their defiant, threatening and ludicrous positions with unflinching courage and dogged patience. Neither moved a muscle. The threatening revolvers never varied a hair's breadth from the first position assumed. Dan tried his best to make out the face of his adversary, but the light was too faint and flickering—the grass too high and thick between them.

To a casual observer the scene would have appeared decidedly ridiculous. Who has not seen two thoughtless boys lying upon their stomachs, their heels in the air and their hands together, regarding in silence the continued ef-



Idaho Tom raised his revolver, and, taking as good aim as the darkness would permit, fired.

forts of a little ant to perform some impossible task?

With this same silent and apparent depth of interest, did the two enemies regard each other, with the muzzle of a revolver within a foot of each face.

How he was to get out of his predicament, Dan could not form the least idea with any assurance of success.

To make a dash for the darkness seemed a very easy way, yet there was danger of such a movement involving a fatal shot from the man before him, or of foiling all his plans in effecting the release of the captive in the wagon.

Waiting until the red-skins began one of their occasional wrangling noises, the ranger resolved to open a communication with his grim enemy, even at the risk of his life, and in a low, sharp whisper asked:

"Dim it, stranger, who be you?"

"Silence or death!" was the man's reply, fairly hissed.

"Thunder!" returned Dan, regardless of his threat, "you needn't git your back up; they can't hear us."

"Won't you hold your tongue, you old rattle-brain?" and the fellow pushed his revolver closer into Dan's face.

"Be you a tarrapin, a rattlesnake, a hissin' viper, or be you a man or monkey?" and Dan pushed forward his revolver an inch or so.

"I see I'll have to blow your brains out yet," replied the unknown; "can't you keep still? Don't you know, old fool, that it'll be death to be caught skulking under here like two sneaking curs?"

"Git out then, you, and let me skulk alone," said Dan.

"Go to thunder, you!" was the laconic reply.

"Oh, but you need your head pounded!" and Dan shook his revolver under the fellow's nose.

Something like a subdued laugh escaped the man's lips.

A silence among the red-skins and outlaws was followed by a suspension of the war of words between the two men; but the battle of eyes was continued, and lasted until the Indians and outlaws again made a noise sufficient to drown anything they might say. Then Dan said:

"Confound your ornery pecter, who be you? what are you doin' here? and why don't ye git out and let me alone?"

"To all—it's none of your business!" was the cool response.

"Judea! if I was alone you wouldn't talk that way. I'd trounce the impudence outen you, you blasted old ager-chill. Looky here; don't you know you're in the vicinity of a yearth-quake—a?"

"I see I've got to blow your head off!" interrupted the man, hitching up closer to the old ranger, "now, sir, won't you keep still?"

"Lay down your revolver, and I'll choke it out with you—best man to keep possession of this beautiful retreat," returned Dan.

To his surprise, the man dropped his revolver, and thrust his hand forward through the grass, and grasping that of the old ranger, said, in a subdued tone:

"Dakota Dan, don't you know me?"

"Oh, Lord!" burst involuntarily from Dan's lips, and loud enough to have been heard a rod away, had the Indians, fortunately for him, not been engaged in a wild, excited conversation at the moment.

The instant the stranger spoke in his natural

tone, Dan recognized his voice, as well as his face, for in throwing his hand forward he swept down the thin screen of grass between them. Checking his excited words, Dan continued in a lower tone:

"Does my eyes deceive me—ar'n't I blind? Do I really, truly, absolutely behold the face of Thomas Taylor, the young dare-devil of the Rocky Mountains? Am I really face to face, muzzle to muzzle with Idaho Tom?"

"I rather think you are, my dear old Dan," was the reply, "and I must say that our meeting has been under rather critical circumstances."

"Lord! Lord!" exclaimed Dan, his eyes sparkling like jewels; "give me another wag of your paw, boy!"

And the two friends, Dakota Dan and Idaho Tom, the famous young outlaw of Silverland, grasped hands in a happy, cordial greeting, almost forgetting, for the time being, that three score of deadly enemies surrounded them.

### CHAPTER XI.

DAN GETS INTO TROUBLE AFTER ALL.

"Of all persons on yearth," whispered Dan, moving closer to Tom, and whispering in his ear, "you're the last one I ever expected to run across away over here in this country. Why, boy, dim it, I'm just bustin' to yell like a volcano—whistle like a locomotive—ay, boy, beller like a buffalo bull."

"I made arrangements to come this way some time ago, Dan," replied Idaho Tom, "and with ten as brave boys as ever mounted a horse, procured an outfit and set out. We had quite a time getting through the Black Hills, for we had the government troops, the white outlaws, and the outlaw Indians to contend with. We've been on your trail some days, Dan, and, although I expected to meet you soon, I never dreamed of such a meeting as this. But how's the Triangle?"

"All shootin', kickin' and scratchin', as usual."

"Glad to hear it; but what are you doing here?"

"Spect I'm on the same business as you be. But, then, it seems to me that we're both in a dashed deefickity. Them red-skins are what's spilin' my calculations. I wanted to see what 'em chuckle-headed outlaws have got in this wagon."

"And that's what I am here for," said Tom.

"By the heavens above! I am glad you are here, Thomas. Give us another shake of yer hand, and tell me how you left the folks over in—"

A perfect silence falling on the crowd around the wagon, also enjoined a profound stillness upon the two friends under it.

The lantern still hung upon the step, and by its light Dakota Dan was enabled to study the features of the youth before him. A few years had made quite a material change in the general appearance of Idaho Tom. His features were more clearly defined, but still wore that pleasant, boyish expression. A dark-brown mustache now shaded his fine, expressive mouth and lent an additional look of manly strength and courage to his features. He was dressed in a neat suit of cloth and buckskin made after the style of the border rangers. Withal, he was a model of perfect manhood that old Dan studied with childish simplicity and admiration. There was something in the kind, generous and fearless nature of the youth that had drawn him the old man's affections, years before. The meeting of father and son could not have been more

affectionate, more joyful. Idaho Tom's regards for the old borderman amounted to almost reverence. There was that veneration in his gray hairs, his wrinkled brow and his gentle nature that appealed directly to the better nature and respect of the youth.

"Dan," said the young man, when the Indians again commenced wrangling among themselves, "how long have you been shadowing these fellows?"

"Only since dark. One of their men, a black nigger, deserted them, and I, meetin' with him, got wind of their movements," replied Dan; and then he went on and narrated as briefly as possible, all he had learned concerning the wagon party.

"There's a captive above, I know," responded Tom; "I have seen so much of these prairie kidnappers and thieves that I can tell by their very movements and outfits what they are up to. But, Dan, I can see nothing that we can do, surrounded as we are."

"No; the best thing is to git out of this, then—thar! Judea! what's up now?"

The distant report of firearms came echoing through the night.

The two men held their breath and listened, as did their enemies also.

The firing lasted for a few minutes only, then was followed by the yells and shouts of excited voices.

"By the wisdom of Solomon!" our two friends heard De Lano, the wagon-master, exclaim, "the boys have run across them infernal night-hawks, who ever they may be!"

Old Dan nudged Tom, and chuckled softly to himself.

"But, look here," continued De Lano, "they may need help, boys."

No further words were needed to put every savage in motion. In hot haste they mounted their ponies, and in wild confusion strung out across the plain. Soon the four outlaws were alone again by their wagon, and while they were discussing the probable result of the sanguinary conflict upon the prairie, Dan said to his companion:

"Thomas, now or never. The iron's hot, so let us strike. I'll engage the robbers in conversation, while you get the captive out."

"All right, Dan, but be on your guard," replied Tom.

Dakota Dan placed his revolver in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and creeping from under the wagon, walked boldly around into the midst of the outlaws.

"Hullo, boys!" he exclaimed, in his usual frank, familiar way; "howdy?"

The four men started as though a torpedo had exploded in their midst, and with an exclamation of surprise, turned upon the intruder.

"Who the furies have we here?" exclaimed Prince De Lano, excitedly, and seizing the lantern, he held it aloft so that its rays would fall upon the face of the intruder.

"You're a forelorn visitor, gentlemen," answered Dan, naively; "I'm Peter Boardner, the great traveler. I'm on a tour around the globe afoot, and as luck'd have it, I struck you fellows here. I'm wantin' to make British America afore mornin', if possible. How fur d'ye call it?"

Prince De Lano advanced closer to the speaker, and glared down into his face with a look that told his mistrust.

"Old fellow, you are lying to me," the outlaw said.

"I am, am I? well, meebby you know my business better than I do, ole icicle."

"Boys!" exclaimed De Lano, turning to his companions, "do you know old Dakota Dan is back in the territory? This is the man; nail him—salt him on the spot!"

Scarcely were the last words out of his mouth before the old ranger thrust the muzzle of his revolver through the globe of the lantern, shivering it to pieces and putting out the light. Then he attempted to escape, but, quicker than a flash, the hand of De Lano was upon him and held him firm and fast.

"This way, Thomas!" roared old Dan; "this way! I'm in a hill-roarin' deefickity!"

Idaho Tom hastened to his friend's assistance, and then and there, under the blackness of night, a desperate struggle—a deadly conflict ensued.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE PHANTOM PURSUER.

MEANWHILE, Idaho Tom had crept from under the wagon, and while Dakota Dan engaged the outlaws in conversation, brief as it was, he proceeded to gain admittance to the interior of the vehicle. With his knife he cut a long slit in the canvas cover, then parting the selvages, peered in. He was not a little surprised at what he beheld. The interior was lit up with the dim, subdued light of a miner's lamp. He saw that the wagon had been partitioned off into two rooms. The hind one was carpeted, and contained a few articles of clothing, a water-pitcher, a cup, and two persons.

One of the latter was a fat negro wench; and by her side on a couch, lay another person covered with a blanket, but whose face he could not see. He had not a doubt, however, but that it was a woman.

"Kil' yil!" exclaimed the negro, as Tom peered in upon them; "what fur you do dat?"

"Keep your tongue, woman, or it may cost you your life," replied Tom.

At sound of the young man's voice the woman on the couch started up; but before Tom could get a glimpse of her face, the terrified negroess blew out the lamp.

"Is there not a captive woman here?" the young ranger asked, quickly.

"Oh, save me! save me!" cried the woman within, in a terrified voice.

"Tut, tut, chile! you don't know what you says," the negroess put in; "you's out ob your head—your brudder's along wid you, and den dat fellah's a mean scampdrel; I knows he is, honey—wants to 'tice you away from ole aunty."

"If you are in danger, fair stranger, come with me and you shall be saved," said Tom.

The words of the young ranger seemed to inspire the captive with hope and confidence, and she started to her feet and toward the opening.

"See heah!" cried the wench, grasping her by the frock, "you jist set right down, or I'll call Massa De Lano."

"Open your head, and I'll shoot you," replied Idaho Tom, thrusting the cold muzzle of a revolver into her face. The act had the desired effect of intimidation, and the wench sunk trembling and speechless into the corner.

The captive advanced to the opening in the canvas, when Tom took her in his arms and placed her upon the ground.

At this juncture came the sound of Dakota Dan's voice, calling for help.

"Wait here," said the young ranger, addressing the girl, then turning he hastened to Dan's assistance.

The three outlaws threw all their force upon old Dan, and under their combined weight and strength, he went down. But scarcely had he touched the ground ere Tom was upon the scene of action. He seized De Lano by the collar and hurled him with stunning force back against the wagon.

Dan's voice directed his movements, and in an instant he had seized another outlaw and dashed him aside. He dare not use his revolver for fear of injuring his friend. The same applied to their antagonists, leaving the struggle to be determined by main, physical force; but this could be exercised only at great disadvantage, as one was as likely to grapple a friend as a foe in the dark. And how the struggle would have ended, had another combatant not entered the ring, is a question of grave doubt. But, in the midst of the fiercest of the battle, the snarl and growl of a dog were heard, and a moment later a wild, terrified yell of pain rent the night.

Humility had come to his master's assistance. The outlaws knew not the meaning of their friend's fearful cries, but the moment they heard the growl of the dog, they believed they were set upon by a pack of bloodhounds, and turning, they beat an inglorious retreat. That is, three of them did, the fourth one being held fast in the jaws of the dog.

The negroess in the wagon set up hysterical shrieks that pierced sharply through the gloom. In an instant Dakota Dan was upon his feet calling out:

"Thomas, are you afoot? alive? hurt? Shake him, Humility, the dirty varmint! Lord! what's that screamin' in the wagon, boy—a painter? a catamount? or a hyena?"

Tom answered his question, then turning, went around the wagon to where he had left the rescued girl. But in a moment he returned with the startling intelligence that the maiden was gone.

"Gone!" exclaimed old Dan; "oh, smoke of Jerusalem! what do you mean?"

"I assisted one, whom I supposed to be a young woman, from the wagon," returned Tom, "and left her by the opposite wheel to await my return. But she is not there; she has either fled with terror or been spirited away."

"I am, am I? well, meebby you know my business better than I do, ole icicle."

"Old fellow, you are lying to me," the outlaw said.

"I am, am I? well, meebby you know my business better than I do, ole icicle."

"Old fellow, you are lying to me," the outlaw said.

"I am, am I? well, meebby you know my business better than I do, ole icicle."



"Great Judea!" groaned old Dan; "that's makin' matters wusser and wusser, it is indeed. Poor young thing! May God protect her until we can find her—but mebbe she's hid nigh in the grass—girl! girl!" he shouted, "what be you?"

But there came no answer—no response save the screams of the negress in the wagon, and the yell of savages on the plain.

"Thar, hear that, boy! It's time to make ourselves seldom in these parts. The purgatorians are comin' back. Mebbe Humility can follow the trail of the gal; come with me, Tom. Here; pup, come away, and let that varmint go now. The devil 'll finish him."

The old ranger moved rapidly away, followed by Idaho Tom and his dog. Straight toward the point where he had left Snowball he made his way. But, to his surprise, he could not find the darkey where he believed he had left him.

"I'm afraid the varmints has skinned that nigger and the horses out of the country," he said. "I know it was nigh here that I left him, but drotted if I can see anything of him."

"Can you see anything at all?" asked Tom. "Nothin' but blindin' darkness. It absorbs all other colors and objects. But I b'lieve I'll call to the nigger, and so saying, he uttered a low call; but there was no response.

"Dog my boots if he ar'n't gone—he's made a scarcity of himself, and so's ole Patience, my mare. But she'll not go fur; she knows her business just as natural as water does its course. You know she's a sagacious critter, Tom, and I tell ye she's lost none of her vim. Oh, murder! you ort to seed her elevate a red-skin 'over the river,' a few days ago. It's a fact, nothin' war ever found of him but his moccasins. They war right where he stood when she fired at him, and she jist h'isted him right slap dab out of his slippers as easy as fallin' off a log. A monstrous klicker is that mare, Tom; and the older she gets, the soddier she puts 'em in—just klicks fire out of the atmosphere—fact; but, boy, what—what ails you?"

Tom stumbled and fell over something lying across his path. "Mosses!" exclaimed Tom, rising to his feet, "I fell over a human body, be it living or dead!"

"Great Solomon! you don't say! Mebbe it's the nigger, dead or alive; or it may be an Injin's outfit. Here, Humility, old pup, what is't? Hist, old dog, hist!"

The dog flunked around his master's feet, then set up a mournful howl.

"That tells the tale, Thomas," said the old man, in a tone of positive assurance. "He's dead, be he red, black or white; but I'm afraid it's the nigger."

"I have some matches in my pocket and can ascertain," said Tom.

Then he struck a match, and, shading it with his hands until it blazed up, stepped back and held it down close to the face of the prostrate form. The light flashed and went out, but it enabled the two to obtain a glimpse of the unknown's face.

It was a black face—the face of Snowball. It wore the awful seal of death.

"The red demons have found the nigger," Dan said, with a deep-drawn sigh; "and all's over with him, poor fellow. The niggers, we've got to look after our own hair's safety. If the enemy git us our fate 'll be that of the nigger. As for me, thar's no one to mourn my loss; but if you should be killed, boy, thar's no tellin' what young eyes would grow dim waitin' and watchin' for your comin'."

"Then let us be off, Dan," Tom said; "I might call my men, but for fear danger is closer than they, I will wait awhile."

"Patience, my mare, must be nigh and I must hev her afore I leave. A low whistle 'll be all that's necessary to call her in," and, as he concluded, he gave the call.

Instantly the shrill whinny of a horse was heard a short distance away.

"Thar, did ye hear that familiar voice? It war her'n—Patience, my mare's."

"But what does that mean?" asked Tom. A strange light suddenly arose from behind a swell in the plain and flooded them with a wave-like motion. For a moment the two men regarded it with no little wonder and curiosity; but, as it came nearer, its motions became more rapid, and the rangers decided that it must be a lantern carried on horseback. They could hear the swish of feet through the grass, and as they came nearer, and the beams of light thrust their long, skeleton-like selves out through the darkness, Tom said:

"Enemies, Dan."

"Yes, drap aside and don't let the light hit ye, for I'll go a coon-skin that thar's Injins behind that light."

"Indians seldom carry lights when they hunt an enemy," Tom observed.

"I know it, boy; but them cussed outlaws are at the head of that light business. That Injinn and lost mare will raise the furries in 'em, and they'll leave nothin' undone to slip a knife atwixt our hair and skulls."

They turned aside and moved out of the line of the light. It passed them, now rising and falling, then oscillating like a pendulum, with short, quick strokes. It went on past them a few paces and stopped.

"Ding the luck," said Dan, in a whisper, "we've got to git away from here, Tom; and I'm afraid ole Patience has got into 'em purgatorians' hands. I must make another call, anyhow; then I'll be satisfied."

And he did. Then he listened intently for some sound indicative of his mare's approach. He heard nothing, but to his surprise and horror saw that mysterious light turn and move directly toward them.

"Dakota Dan, we've got to keep still," said Tom; "we're hunted by human bloodhounds."

The light approached them, accompanied by the sound of feet. It was not a natural light, for its color seemed to change in and out of red and blue, white and crimson, with every oscillation, casting weird and fantastic figures around. The rangers turned aside as it approached them. Behind it the mystified plainmen beheld some dark, gigantic form, whose extremities were lost in the gloom, stalking onward with long, sweeping strides.

"Gosh a'brighty, Tom, that must be the red eye of doom, or the optic of the Demon of Darkness!" exclaimed Dan, not a little puzzled.

Idaho Tom made no response. He was trying to make out the object moving behind the light, but so effectively was it screened from the rays that only the dimmest outlines could be seen; these, however, seemed of Titan proportions without any tangible form.

"It is not a man behind that light, Dan," he finally remarked; "and what it is I cannot say."

"Tom, run; it's arter us again," exclaimed Dan.

True enough, the light had turned, and again it was coming toward them. They wheeled about and beat a hasty retreat. But they could no longer evade the bearer of the light though they were several rods away.

Turn and dodge as they would in the impenetrable gloom the blazing orb followed them.

They broke into a run, and, as they sped along, Dan again called to his mare in hopes that she might hear him and come to his assistance. But in this he was disappointed.

"Tom," the old fellow finally remarked, as he glanced back over his shoulder, "that light is borne by no human hands. No human being could follow our trail as it is doing. We're not visible to mortal eyes. Only the keenest scent could keep our track."

"I don't know, Dan," responded Idaho Tom; "although it puzzles me, I am inclined to believe it some human agency. But, step lively, friend Daniel; it's gaining upon us."

The two hurried on through the gloom endeavoring to elude the pursuing terror. But their exertions were made in vain. It followed them, turning and dodging whichever way they did, and finally it began to gain rapidly upon them. It came so close that they could see each other's face, looking white and ghastly in its glaring light.

Filled with a vague fear, they quickened their pace. They ran on at the top of their speed, while still on in swift pursuit came that fearful Demon of Darkness!

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### WHAT WAS IT—LIVELY TIMES.

"I CAN'T keep this up to-night, to-morrow and the next day, Tom," said Dakota Dan, as they hurried on over the plain, the old man's breath coming quick and short; "I'm not as nimble as I used to was, Tom; age's tollin' on the old Triangle. My hand's not as steady as a rock, nor my eyes strong as a spy-glass, nor my wind as good as it war, twenty years ago."

"Call your mare again, Dan; if you could only get onto her back, I could get along afoot," said Tom, thoughtfully.

Dan stopped and uttered another call. A horse whinnied not far away, and behind them.

Idaho Tom glanced back and saw that their pursuer was doubling upon them. The light was swaying and glimmering until it dazzled their eyes—blinded them. Deep sounded the tramp of approaching footsteps.

"Drop aside, Dan, drop aside," said Tom, "or we will be caught in the light," and grasping the old man by the arm he drew him hastily aside out of the line of the light.

The next moment the heavy tread of many feet swept past them. A low exclamation burst from Tom's lips.

"Ay! do you not see into it, Dan?" he said. "Nay, nay, Thomas," replied the old man.

"That light is nothing but a bull's-eye lantern hung to the neck of a horse—the horse is following us, and not less than a dozen savages are following it. And that horse is no other, in my opinion, than—"

"Patience, my mare. Ay, the cunning' varmints, I see into their little game. They've caught the poor old critter, hung a light to her forehead, so that it might lead them to her master's side, knowin', by some means or other, that she'd hunt me out of this terrible gloom. It's a trick worthy of better brains, but, my sweet-voiced vagabonds, you'll not find old Dan Backback and Idaho Tom sleepin' like a brace of opium-eaters. Thomas, I feel like myself again, and if them varmints don't look a little out, they'll run agin' the big end of an earthquake. Boy, your hand is steadier than mine; can't you snuff that light with yer revolver?"

"I can try," rejoined Tom, drawing his weapon, "but we will both have to drop ourselves in the grass the instant I fire, for the flash of my revolver will be sure to bring a volley of bullets this way."

Idaho Tom raised his revolver and, taking as good aim as the darkness would permit, fired. Then they sunk down into the grass, and a moment later a dozen bullets cut through the air where they had stood.

The young ranger's shot at the light proved an unfortunate, as well as successful one. It struck the lantern and shivered it to pieces, but the oil that fed it being highly inflammable, became ignited and flashed up with a broad, brilliant glare. The fire communicated with the tall dry grass, and soon a pyramid of brilliant flames shot up into the gloom of night. The whole surrounding plain became lit up for rods across the plain.

A yell burst from a dozen savage throats and was answered by the sharp crack, crack of our two friends' revolvers. A number of the foe went down ere they could fully ascertain where the enemy lay. But when the survivors had gained this desired information they rushed upon them. Humility darted forward and seized one of them by the throat. The glare of a single came out from the darkness. Idaho Tom seized the coiled silver horn at his side and blew a startling blast upon it. Then he and Dan rose to their feet and engaged the savages.

At this juncture a horseman galloped out of the darkness that hung over mountain and plain into the light of the wrecked lantern. The animal he bestrode was a beautiful black, handsomely caparisoned and full of mettle. The rider was small in proportions, and dressed in a sort of black gown to which was attached a hood that covered the head and a veil that resembled a mask. Through the eye-holes of the latter gleamed a pair of dark, shining eyes. Small and finely-shaped feet, incased in blue kid boots, hung in silver stirrups with jingling rowels at the heels. In a small hand, smooth and delicate as a maiden's, was clutched a revolver—a tiny affair that flashed in the light a princely jewel.

Straight toward the combatants rides this strangely-clad horseman.

Within a few paces of them he draws rein; then, with a deliberate coolness, he selects a savage and fires. True to its aim the ball goes home. One after another is selected by this intrepid stranger and brought down by his unerring aim.

Then down from the north sweeps a dozen more horsemen at a wild, breakneck speed. Wild and startling ring their shouts and yells. Sabers and pistols flash above their heads. Onward they come, striking terror to the hearts of the savages and putting them to flight.

A shout of victory went up from old Dan's lips, and he hailed with joy the coming of the unknown friend.

Around the scene of conflict gathered the victors.

"Oh, great Judea!" groaned old Dan, as he gazed around him; "I'm afraid he's dead!" and he pointed toward the motionless form of Idaho Tom lying face downward upon the earth, with the body of a dead savage lying across him.

"Dakota Dan!" burst in accents of surprise from the lips of the horseman, who, with one or two exceptions, were all boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty. They were the devoted followers of Idaho Tom, excepting the cloaked and masked horseman who first appeared on the scene.

In a moment all had dismounted except the masked stranger; and as each one passed along to where the body of their leader lay he wrung the hand of the old ranger cordially.

"He's dead! I'm afraid Tom is dead!" exclaimed Darcy Cooper, in a tone that expressed his deep sorrow; and his words fell like a thunderbolt upon his friends. They were struck speechless by the terrible announcement, while from the lips of the masked horseman rang a cry of inward distress—a sharp, piercing cry.

"Judea!" exclaimed old Dan, who had been unable to notice but little around him heretofore; "wa'n't that the female woman's scream! swar it sounded galish!"

Before any one could reply, the strange horseman dismounted, and running to the side of the fallen ranger, stooped, and lifting his head, pillowed it upon his arm and gazed down into his unconscious face.

"He is not dead! he is not dead, I tell you!" he cried, in a wild, joyous tone, that sounded decidedly feminine.

The masked stranger's words broke the spell that bound the spectators, speechless and silent.

By the mercy of Heaven! cried Darcy Cooper, in an undertone to his companion, "it is she—that good angel, Aree!"

One of the lads took a canteen from the back of a pack-horse, and advancing to the prostrate form of his beloved captain, administered some of its contents to him. The effect seemed magical, for Tom soon showed signs of returning life.

A careful examination of his person revealed the fact that he had only been stunned by a blow, and in a few minutes he was upon his feet again.

By the assistance of Dan and the presence of the dead around him, he was soon enabled to recall his situation; and when his eyes fell upon the masked face before him, the word "Aree!" burst from his lips.

The stranger replied in a few words, hastily, yet softly spoken, warning him of other dangers.

By this time the light was dying out, there being no wind to fan it. Besides the grass was damp with the heavy mist that hung around and over all.

Idaho Tom was congratulated on his escape by his men, whom he was rejoiced to find around him. He turned and addressed a question to the masked figure at his side.

Before an answer could be given a yell out on the plain smote upon their ears.

"To horse! to horse!" cried old Dan; "the devils are comin' back on us, two-forty strong!"

While the others had been busy in resuscitating Tom, Dan had called up his mare. In the possession of one of the red-skins that had been slain, he found his rifle and accoutrements, and when upon the back of his mare again, he pronounced the Triangle itself once more.

Idaho Tom had left his horse in care of his men when he went to reconnoiter around the outlaws' wagon, and the animal being at hand, he mounted it, and followed by his men and Dakota Dan, rode away.

Tom invited the masked stranger to accompany them; but with a shake of the head, and an imperative wave of the hand, the unknown turned and galloped away in a different direction.

At a sweeping gallop the rangers moved across the plain, and not until assured that they were beyond immediate danger of the enemy, did they permit their animals to come to a walk.

When they finally did, old Dan exclaimed, with a deep-drawn sigh of relief:

"I swar, Thomas, that that little skirmish war'n't so slouchy, war it! Thought a yearquake butted ye, didn't ye? Bullets flew like dirt—flea thick, and tiger strong, didn't they, though?"

"Yes, a little too thick to suit me," responded Tom.

"Not a smidgin' too thick fur me, Thomas," replied Dan; "I like to see a lively fight—I want 'em all around so's I can spin 'em off at about the ratio that a feller would reel off circular oaths arter settin' down on the thorn of a healthy cactus. When man, hoof, and howler gits once under way—set in motion, I tell ye thar 'll be somethin' drap. Why, Thomas, the Triangle is a walkin' hurricane, a tornado—a perfect plague to red-skins and such things in general."

"I know you used to be, Dan; and I don't see that your ardor, strength and courage have diminished one particle."

"You can't notice it, Tom, but time is bringin' us in," said the old man, seriously. "When we undertake to play possum on our enemies, there is more of the natural trill in my voice, more of a natural limp in Patience's walk, and more of a natural brow-kneal when in Humility's bow-wow factories. Yes, time tells on us, lad. When I left you in Nevada, last spring, you were nearly a year younger than you be now, wa'n't you? You've more of the solidity of manhood about ye now, and that mustache gives you a more manly and resolute look. But, Tom, didn't ye see that gal's face? Didn't you speak to her?"

"I did not see her face; but I spoke to her in an undertone and was answered in the same way."

"I'll bet anything that she war a pufect angel, for outlaws and robbers steal no other kind but gal-angels."

"You are right, friend Dan," responded Tom, "none but the purest, sweetest and loveliest have any charms to those prairie fiends; and, as men and follow beings, it is our bounden duty to rescue and restore her to her family."

"Thar's it, Thomas, exactly. You take to mainly principles jist as natural as water runs down hill. I've seed so much of border life, and love and such things that I shouldn't wonder if ye wa'n't in love now with the voice of that gal."

"Tut, tut, Dan, you are inclined to jest," said Tom.

"Captain Tom," said Darcy Cooper, "is in love with a nymph of the Black Hills, Dan."

"Wal, thar's a new thing to be in love with, I swar," said old Dan, a little doubtful of what he was talking about. "What was it—a squaw—red or white—gal or boy?"

"A beautiful girl, whom we met in the hills—the same who came to us during the fight, a few minutes ago, robed in a black gown, and wearing a hood and mask. She is a robber's daughter."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Dan; "holy pokers! then that gal's in love, too. Queer, awful queer 'bout young folks. Time, howsmever, 'll knock the poetry and romance outen 'em like a mule's heel. Hullo, thar! spur up, boys, spur up!"

The sound of many hooved feet on the plain warned them of approaching danger, and putting their horses into a gallop, they moved sharply on until assured they were beyond the reach of enemies, when they halted for the night on the open plain.

Each man attached the end of a lariat to his animal's bit, and then made the other end fast to his saddle, the hollow of which served as a pillow.

Dakota Dan entrusted the safety of the bivouac to the vigilance of his faithful dog, and

with the assurance that no danger would approach them unseen, the rangers fell asleep, and slept soundly until morning.

With the first streaks of dawn the band was in the saddle and in motion. Feeling greatly invigorated by rest and sleep, they galloped sharply along in the light of the rosy morn.

Around them lay the open plain, interspersed with little mottes of timber and brushwood, diversified by creeks and rivers, and tossed into an endless continuity of ocean-like waves.

The party moved on until the red sky, all aquiver with the beams of the god of day, burst into flame, when the rangers stopped in a little clump of timber to breakfast on the remnants of their last meal.

Before sitting down, however, Dakota Dan, as was his usual custom, concluded to reconnoiter the surrounding vicinity; and with his dog set off toward the margin of the grove.

He had been gone but a few minutes when the spiteful crack of a rifle rung out on the morning air, and the next moment Humility came flying back to camp in the wildest terror.

With blanched faces, the young rangers started to their feet, gazing from one to the other with looks that spoke plainer than words.

"Come, boys!" exclaimed Idaho Tom, "Dan's in trouble!" and the little band of heroes bounded away like deer, after their gallant leader.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

#### "THE WEAVER."

##### BY "TRIX."

All day long, with busy hum,  
I sit and weave these threads,  
In a home-made carpet, warm and bright,  
Or some cottage floor to spread.

A comfort for some humble home,  
A thrifty housewife's pride;  
Though 'ow half-hidden, half-despised,  
For those good days have died.

But few homes, scattered here and there,  
In all our fair, bright land,  
Will you find a home-made carpet wrought  
By the housewife's own fair hand.

How many an odd, quaint fancy,  
How many a passing thought  
I drop and weave in each bright stripe  
As my simple task is wrought.

Now swiftly there glides through my fingers  
A stripe of purest white!  
True type of innocent childhood,  
When sin was not there to blight.

Then next is a glowing rose-tint,  
Does it not clearly show  
Youth's fearless hopes and ambitions  
When they first begin to row?

Now 'tis changed to a dull leaden gray;  
The cars have heavy grown!  
At manhood's prime they gather the tares,  
Which reckless youth has sown.

Now 'tis black—the darkness of crime,  
Of misery and despair;  
I shudder as I weave this picture—  
It seems to be really there!

Again from dun black it turns to gray;  
The cars have heavy grown!  
There's a hope—the lost is saved,  
No rose tint now, but heaven's own blue;

In truth and faith he's saved!  
The next is white—true emblem of peace,  
With this my dream is ended,  
My picture is finished, my task complete.

Loved work, where my dreams are blended.

## The Masked Miner:

### OR, THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

#### A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

##### BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

#### CHAPTER XXIV. THE RED LIGHTS.

THE shades of a dark, misty, disagreeable night had fallen upon the city. The lamps had long since been lit. The streets were being rapidly deserted, and the flaming shop windows were going out into darkness one by one.

It was eleven o'clock.

Striding rapidly yet stealthily along by the Union depot, at this late hour, two tall men took their way up an unfrequented street, leading to the hill beyond. They seemed to be anxious to avoid the flaming reflectors, for they drew their hats more closely over their eyes, and their large coats more snugly up around their ears.

They were so hid, however, in the friendly gloom of an alley, and at length entered Bedford avenue. Turning at once to the left, they began the ascent of that steep thoroughfare.

"Walk up, Teddy; come closer! I want to speak a few final words to you."

"Yes, boss, I am here," said the man, panting from exhaustion.

"I have seen a strange shape, Teddy, hanging around my cabin, of late," said the first speaker. "I saw it last night for the third time, and I am not mistaken. It was a heavy, stalwart man. He did not see me, yet it was evident he was watching round the house. Here let us stop; we are far enough," he said, suddenly, "and I am blown, too!"

They seated themselves on a large stone post, thrown by the roadside.

"And I, too, boss, for we have come at a stifling stride. I am willing to rest, especially as you say there is still work before us to-night."

"Yes, Teddy; there is work! The house, I am sure, is suspected and watched—why, and by whom, I do not know. The girl must be removed, you and I must do it, and do it quietly; and then, before the dawn of day, the furniture must be brought away. Have the carriage ready by half-past one o'clock. There will be no prowlers then. By a smart drive to the 'Shinley'—for it is there I shall take her—you see I can return soon, and get the wagon. I'll help you, and one load will take all. The truth is, Teddy, we are in a scrape."

"We, boss? Why, I—"

"Yes, we, for you are implicated as much as I am—more so, too; and so it would seem in a court of justice."

The other made no reply; he acquiesced quietly in the decision of his companion.

"I'll do my part, boss," at length he said; "but I hope you'll pay me to-night, sir, for you say you'll be gone for a while."

"Do you not trust me, Teddy? However, 'tis nothing; it shall be as you say. Meet me on the hill at half-past one—that is, one hour and a half from this time. You can conceal the carriage in the hollow, to the left of the street, you know; you have done so before. Meet me then, and I will pay you. And now be off, for you have no time to lose. I will hurry home and fix up a few things."

The men at once separated—one returning down the avenue, the other striking across the lower end of Cliff Hill toward the Allegheny river.

We will return for a brief season to the cell of Tom Worth.

When old Ben had gone, the prisoner arose, and, approaching the grating above him, drew the letters out from his bosom, and perused them leisurely again. Then he glanced about him. He rapidly gathered together all the papers which he had written from time to time since he had been in prison. He tore them to fragments, bit by bit, and flung them under the mattress. Then he gathered up the few articles of wearing apparel he had with him, and put them on, one by one. Seating himself so as to front the grated window, he stretched his limbs out lazily, and letting his head fall upon his breast, seemed to court slumber.

One of these singular letters we cannot now lay before the reader—we mean the letter bearing on its envelope a foreign stamp. But the other, the briefer one, ran thus:

"MY DEAR FRIEND, for such I know you to be—I have learned all I know you are innocent of the crime of which you are charged, as you were bold and fearless in saving me that terrible night from certain destruction! Merest chance has given me an opportunity to write to you. God in his mercy grant that the chance will prove availing! I know you have a staunch friend in Ben Walford; from what I have said of him, I know he can be trusted. I am kept as a prisoner in a house on a high hill, and within the city limits. Where, I cannot exactly say. Tell your friend, the old miner, to go to some eminence and watch all around him to-morrow night—watch in every direction—and let the hour be half-past one o'clock. At that hour, if he keeps his eyes well about him, he will see some flaming balls of red light floating on the air somewhere. Let him mark well the spot, and hasten hither, for I am there! The rest I leave to him. I can write no more. I long to be free, that you may be. God bless you, as I will preserve!"

THE night grew on; the darkness became more intense.

Tom Worth still sat with his head bowed on his breast; his heavy, regular breathing told that he was sleeping soundly.

Twelve o'clock rung out.

Suddenly, and before the vibrations from the neighboring clanging bells had ceased to thrill in the air, Tom started in his chair. A distant, faint, ticking sound caught his ear; it came from the grated window above.

The prisoner slowly arose and gave a faint whistle. It was answered immediately from above. Then the young man stood silently awaiting.

He could distinctly hear the



Staging after staging was passed, and, last, the two men stood at the bottom. In a minute more they were in the street, and without pausing, hurried away.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

"Ha, boss, did you see those lights?" "Yes, Teddy, and, by Jove! I am sure they come from my cabin! Come, come! Something is wrong there. Let us draw nearer and see what all this means," and he started forward.

"We had better stay here, boss. They may be ghosts. This is the hour for them to be abroad."

The man spoke seriously, and hung back. "Ghosts! Come on, fool, and none of your nonsense. Tie the horses to the old post there and follow me. We have no time to lose, for there's work ahead of us, between this and day."

The other man still hesitated, but only for a moment. He turned and taking the horses by the bit forced them to back the carriage a few feet. He then tied the reins to a post, the sole remains of a fence that had once skirted this portion of the hill.

The men at once left the little hollow, in which they stood, and, entering the deserted Stephenson street, pushed on up toward Boyd's Hill.

Further down the same deserted thoroughfare, toward its foot, two men strode along at a rapid pace. They were tall, brawny fellows, and they too, bent their stride up the hill. They walked swiftly, as if they knew every inch of the ground well, and as if they, too, had work before them.

"We are near the spot, Ben; and I long to be there! If we are successful it will be a grand triumph for me; if we are wrong! If we fail! Yet, we cannot, must not fail! 'Twouldn't craze me now, after everything has worked so well; but, Ben, it was bad you did not succeed in getting the carriage."

"Yes, my boy; but, maybe 'tis for the best. The lively-man, had his stable been open, would have wondered why I, old Ben the miner, wanted a carriage. Take my word for it, Tom, 'tis ordered to be so, and, as I said, 'tis all for the best; I know it."

"Perhaps it is," replied the other, as if half-convinced. "But, Ben, should we succeed in rescuing the young lady, what will we do? 'Tis not a mere step from here to Stockton avenue, in Allegheny city. And, late or not, I wish to teach the old aristocrat there, that an honest poor man can prove his innocence, and I'll do it!"

"You shall do it, Tom, for, if it can't be arranged otherwise, why, by the eternal pillars, we'll carry the young lady ourselves. In such work as that I can get along under a thousand-weight, again; and she, poor girl, I dare say, is as light as a sparrow. Besides, Tom, you have an arm on you, and it is no child's, either! We can manage all this; but, did you think, Tom, that we haven't found the young lady yet? God grant we may!"

"Amen!" replied Tom Worth, in a deep, earnest voice.

They redoubled their exertions, and strode on at a rapid stride up the hill.

Again several minutes passed in silence. Suddenly Tom Worth halted.

"Hist! hist! Ben! there is a carriage—see! just there in the hollow!"

"Yes, my boy, I see it, and we have company on the hill! We have work, too, Tom—that's a sure thing! And?" he continued, in a very low, but determined voice, "rascality is the game! We'll see who gets the carriage!"

"Have you any weapon, Ben?" asked the other.

"None but my stout arms; they are enough. Woe be unto the man who braves me!"

"Then come, Ben—ha! by heavens! you are right; the villains are at work! Voices, Ben! voices! and now, for vengeance!" and, as a low, wailing shriek, evidently from a female throat, sounded shrill and piercing on the still night air, the two friends rushed forward toward the top of the hill. A moment only elapsed before they stood on the summit, and not over twenty yards from the old house.

Before them, indistinctly in the gloom, a struggle was going on. And then the coarse voice of an angry, excited man pealed out in a hideous oath—and a low, wailing cry for mercy went feebly up.

"Now, old friend, into them!" shouted Tom Worth, in a voice that was stentorian in its power.

Old Ben needed no encouragement. With the bound of a tiger he sprang forward, by the side of his younger companion, who was fairly flying onward. A moment, and like an avalanche they swept upon their assailants; in another, heavy thuds of falling fists, sickening and terrible, sounded on the air; then the fierce breathing and the half-muttered curses of struggling men; then a pistol-shot, and another, all told that a terrible contest was in progress.

But, nothing could stand up against those two iron-made men of the mines, with their muscles of steel.

The pistol-shots had been harmless, and one of the men, his face knocked into a shapeless mass, had gone down before the ponderous blows of old Ben's right arm. For a moment there was a brief hand-to-hand struggle between Tom Worth and the other villain.

It was indeed brief, for that young man was a very Hercules in the fight. In the twinkling of an eye he had sent his antagonist rushing and tumbling on the stony surface of the top of the hill.

The two strong men stooped simultaneously by the side of the fallen girl, lying so motionless on the ground. Quickly they chafed her cold hands and temples, and sought to raise her.

The girl did not seem to breathe.

"My God! my God! they have slain her! they have murdered my darling!"

Old Ben started as if shot, as he heard these words burst in a wailing sob from the breast of Tom Worth.

"No, no, Tom!" he said, in a low, sympathizing tone, "she still breathes, and—Ahl! there they go, the hounds, and they have escaped us!" he suddenly exclaimed, springing to his feet, and pointing with his hand.

Sure enough, the villains who had for awhile been placed *hors du combat*, had slowly and unperceived regained their feet, and were now rapidly speeding away.

"Come, Tom," said old Ben, at length breaking the silence; "all's well; the young woman breathes; ha! she awakes! Assist her, Tom, and make for the carriage in the hollow! I'll go on—" and he hurried away.

Tom Worth tenderly lifted that half-conscious form in his strong arms and bore it gently down the hill. He reached the carriage; it was standing in the road, and old Ben Walford, reins in hand, was already upon the driver's seat.

"Get in, Tom; get in with the lady, and let's

be off. Those scoundrels may get reinforcements and return!"

Tom Worth placed his precious charge inside the vehicle, entered himself, and closed the door; then the carriage, under the guidance of the heroic old man on the box, rolled away at a fearful pace. Down through the city, then over the creaking wire-bridge, then up Federal street, and then, at last, before the mansion of Richard Harley, the millionaire, on Stockton avenue, old Ben drew the reins.

Not a word had been spoken by those inside, though for a brief moment, Tom Worth had held the little hand, so cold and limp, in his, and had pressed his lips ardently to it.

The household was aroused, and in a few moments old Mr. Harley, in a dressing-gown, wondering and staring, stood at the door. His daughter reeled in, and flung her arms around his neck; he uttered a wild, piercing cry.

"Your preserver, Grace! where is he?"

The girl pointed to the tall form of the young miner, who stood in the glare of the light.

"Tom Worth, the miner! My God!"

But then, in an instant, with a glance of unutterable affection toward the maiden, the miner was gone.

The clear sun of the next morning broke, grand and luminous.

The beams of that sun flashed into the long-occupied room of Grace Harley, and into the chamber, too, of her old father.

And, not only were there sunshine in the apartments of that lovely mansion, but it glowed in every heart, too. For the lost was found—the daylight of the household once more gleamed in their midst, and happiness was upon all.

Of course the news—as it was called by everybody—spread like wildfire; the heiress of old Richard Harley—the belle of Pittsburgh—had been found! Extras were issued from the different newspaper offices, and the matter so strange and mysterious from the beginning to this ending, though for a time almost forgotten, was again on every tongue.

Then came the equally startling news that Tom Worth, the prisoner, had broken jail and had escaped! Large rewards were immediately offered for his arrest; and his escape was proclaimed everywhere.

It seemed that the long-neglected grated window had been lifted, or torn out, bodily, from its bed, and that the prisoner had thus escaped. Forthwith, that very day, each window along the jail-wall was removed, and the holes left were filled up with solid granite blocks, as can be seen to this day in the old prison.

But there came no news of Tom Worth, the miner. Many were the congratulations pouring in that day upon the rich man, that his daughter had been found. And then enterprising reporters rung respectfully at the aristocratic mansion, and in their own urbane, *pushing* style craved a "half-minute's interview with Miss Harley." The "interview" was, in every case, cheerfully or otherwise accorded; and to all she had the same news—that was very brief and non-sensational, to wit: on the night of terror, on the Mount Washington road, she was seized by two men, apparently miners, was thrown into a wagon, after being bound and blindfolded; was driven a long distance, and at last imprisoned in an old house, which she had just learned, stood isolated and alone on Boyd's Hill; that the room in which she was kept was elegantly furnished. And then, with a shudder, she went on rapidly to state that she was released by two brawny men, apparently miners, too.

That was all she had to tell.

The dusky twilight was settling on the place that day, when the bell sounded for the fiftieth time at the mansion of Mr. Harley. This time a letter was handed in by an old man, who hurried away at once. The letter was directed in a clear, bold handwriting to Miss Grace Harley.

Mr. Harley had strolled forth to the commons to get exercise and relaxation, of both of which he stood in need. Grace was all alone. She started violently as she saw the superscription of the envelope; but, tearing open the letter, she read it through to the end. When she had finished, she laid the missive by, and sinking softly on the sofa again, she covered her face with her hands and wept silent tears of sorrow and joy commingled, murmuring at the same time:

"Darling! darling! It was he! My heart said so; and now—now—without a word, he has gone! God grant that we may meet again!"

That letter, lying there crushed and crumpled on the sofa, read as follows:

"MY DARLING ONE: I have but a few moments to write, and these I occupy, darling, in telling you that you are still the cherished idol of my heart—that you and your memory are dearer to me than life itself! I was wrongfully accused, Grace; yet, for fear of crime, I dared not exonerate myself by charging the crime on others. Heaven has aided me in rescuing you from the clutches of a villain. Let both of us thank that God who has blessed and befriended us. And now, darling Grace, a word more: I have just received a letter from a foreign land, summoning me away. I must go. This is not the time for explanations. But, before I go, let me pledge to you again an undying love and fidelity. I'll not forget you, Grace; and I'll win and wed you yet, though the whole world were opposed to me. Be true to me, as I will be to you; wait for my coming, and—ah! that man whom I know to be a deep-dyed villain—Fairleigh Somerville. Be kind, Grace, to my friend, poor old Ben Walford, who is almost crazed at my departure. He is one of nature's noblest of robbers, and I love him beyond the expression of words. And now, Grace, farewell, but not forever. You know me, so the name below will do.

"Forever yours,  
TOM WORTH."

Late that night a small row-boat shot off stealthily from the levee near the Smithfield street bridge, and took its way rapidly down the current of the Monongahela toward the dusky-flowing Ohio.

In the boat sat Tom Worth and old Ben, and both men pulled the easy-working, noiseless oars. On they sped, miles and miles below the dark city. Then, at last, they turned the head of the boat, and, by a few vigorous strokes, shot the light craft in toward the bank.

The men leaped ashore.

"The time has come, Ben; 'tis best that this parting be soon over; we'll suffer less. Good-by, my dear old friend, and may God always bless you! I am safe now, and the yelping hounds of the law can not find me. Pray to God, Ben, that we may meet again. And now, once more, good-by!"

The old miner could not speak; he dared not trust his trembling voice, coming up, as it did, from a heart almost breaking. He strained his "boy" to his breast for a minute, as if loth to let him go; and then the old man staggered back into the boat.

When Ben Walford looked again, Tom had disappeared in the gloom of the black forest trees, which fringed the darkly-flowing river.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## OLD THINGS, AND A NEW ARRIVAL.

A LONG time has elapsed since the occurrence of the events as given in the last chapter. To tie the broken thread securely, to make our chain of circumstances strong again, it is necessary to go back awhile—some two years and more—to the time of the escape of Tom Worth.

Soon after the disappearance of the miner, the report came that he had been drowned in attempting to get away by the river. Of course this rumor, in due time, reached the ears of Grace Harley. When it did, a terrible convulsion passed over her frame, and, hiding her face in her hands, she gave way silently to a flood of tears. Her father had seen this emotion, and then, as a sudden gleam of intelligence passed over his face, he had taken his daughter's hand tremblingly and tenderly in his, and had spoken sympathizing words in her ear.

After that, when Grace appeared in public, strange to say—and everybody wondered—she wore black.

In the mean time a cloud, at first very small, yet momentarily increasing, was settling over old Richard Harley.

After the escape from jail and disappearance of Tom Worth, for some time nothing was seen of Fairleigh Somerville, Esq. It is true, he was in the city, but, he did not show himself at the Harley mansion. As the weeks rolled on, however, the young millionaire finally made his appearance, once again, at the aristocratic dwelling on Stockton avenue. He drove over, as usual, in his trotting-wagon, and, hesitating not a moment, walked up the graveled way, and rung the bell. He had been readily admitted by the liveried servant.

And Fairleigh Somerville smiled grimly—Satanically—to himself, as once again he stood in the elegant mansion, and as he glanced at the rich, showy livery of the domestic. It was a wicked fire which flashed from his eyes, as he looked a second time at the pompous servant. But, he handed in his perturbed card, and at a sign from the servant entered the parlor.

Fairleigh Somerville was bent on business—deep and important business—though perhaps the observer would have noted nothing from the quiet, smooth, smiling exterior. When his card was handed in that day, a strange, proud smile flitted over the half-sad face of Mr. Harley, and a bright, triumphant fire gleamed in his eye. Poor old man. Despite the lesson he had been recently taught—despite the gloom which of late had overshadowed him and his, he was still ambitious. And, as he gazed at the sharp graven characters, on the bit of cardboard, a wild hope again found place in the father's heart.

He had a marriageable daughter, and Fairleigh Somerville was a very rich young man!

As the visitor, however, was standing by the piano in the parlor, waiting the coming of his host, the door suddenly opened. Somerville turned. He started violently, and his face first paled then reddened as his gaze fell upon Grace Harley. The maiden, too, shook fearfully, and she was about hastening from the room when the man strode fiercely up to her, and bending down, whispered a few words in her ear.

The girl cowered, and without reply soever, turned and tottered from the parlor.

Fairleigh Somerville knew that between him and Grace Harley there was a chasm which could not be bridged—he knew that, in the maiden's heart, she loathed and scorned him; he knew that he could never call her his wife!

The meeting between the old gentleman and his visitor that day was cordial, and the conversation between them, whatever the subject, was long and earnest. It seemed, too, to be confidential, for Mr. Harley drew the curtains, lit the gas, and locked the doors of the parlor.

When the time came for Somerville to leave, and it was late in the evening, he stood for a moment in the parlor by the table, and slowly folded up numerous papers which had been spread out before the gentlemen. Then, as he hesitated, he remarked:

"I am sure of the success of the enterprise, my dear sir, and excuse me, sir, but, if you wish, why, I will advance for you. When the entire investment is made up, why, sir, you can then repay me all at once," and he looked the other earnestly in the face.

Mr. Harley hesitated, and a slight shade passed over his brow. He thought for a moment.

The truth is, pecuniary matters had not gone well of late with the old man. He had accumulated a large fortune, but he knew not how to take care of it. His income had been steadily on the decline for some time, and his business affairs were in a condition he disliked to contemplate. He had indulged for impetuous friends, and, as the reward for his generosity, he was compelled to pay out in several instances very large amounts. The time had passed when Richard Harley could draw a check at random, and be careless of the sum; yet he was a rich man still.

Hence the old man had hesitated at the young man's remark. It was only for a moment, however, for then he looked up and said, frankly:

"You are very kind, sir, and your offer is gratefully accepted. Keep an account, sir, and we will settle when everything is arranged. I, too, am sanguine of the success of the venture."

When Fairleigh Somerville drove across the Suspension bridge that night, the flaring lamp flashing in his face revealed a hideous smile of triumph; but with that expression there was one darker still—*revenge!*

And again and again he came; and every time he offered, very cleverly, to advance money in a certain enterprise.

On these visits Somerville never saw Grace Harley, and he never asked for her; he seemed to have forgotten her. The old father thought strangely of this, but he never mentioned it.

But, Grace knew of these visits, and she was sick and sad at heart at their frequency. Heavy weight seemed to be dragging her down.

Still, Somerville came and time was speeding away.

At last, one night, on the occasion of a visit from the young millionaire, the library ring with loud, angry words, though no one on the outside heard those words. Somerville was at last ready for the consummation of his plans—he was pressing the old man for a settlement.

Whether or not the speculation had proved a success or an abortion is not known. But, at all events, Fairleigh Somerville held a paper—a legal instrument—against the poor old man who had so blindly trusted him.

That paper was a lien upon the splendid Harley mansion entire; and, when the gentlemen separated that night, it was with pitiable appeals from the old man, and dark threats, and vengeful, triumphant exultations from his "partner."

Indeed, the cloud was upon Richard Harley, and it gloomed his sky from horizon to zenith.

Thus matters stood at the time we resume our story, when, one afternoon, there descended, unaccompanied by any one, from the late Philadelphia train, at the Union, depot, a tall, aristocratic-looking gentleman.

What was singular about this richly-clad stranger, and what made him most curiously observed by all, was, while his hair and eyebrows were of the richest auburn, his mustache and whiskers, long and curling, were as white as snow.

Yet, for all that, the gentleman was a young-looking man, and very handsome besides. And no one had ever seen him before.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

## FORGET ME.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

I can but ask you to forget me,  
Ere we must forever part—  
I can but ask you never to let me  
Know the anguish of your heart.  
In the lonely hours which lack the tender  
Words and kisses of other days;  
Oh, deem them but a faded splendor  
Which has vanished from your gaze.  
I have ever loved you, but you deemed  
My love the merest trifle.  
I, while wooing fondly, dreamed  
Your heart my love would stifle.  
Tell me why you have thus taunted you  
To tell your heart for ever;  
Which future days will soon have brought  
You in life of lonely years?

Oh, when the anguish I am feeling,  
You yourself will feel ere long.  
Can bitter tears of sorrow starting  
From your eyes atone all wrong?  
Oh! in dreams, the time will come when erst,  
Our love in rapture met,  
And awakening find the hopes then nursed  
Gone, while tears your pillow wet.  
Although I ask you to forget me,  
Still I fear you never can;  
Although you wish you never had met me,  
You can love no other man.  
If he wins your heart 'tis unknown now,  
He will find it all too cold;  
Rays of love as cold as winter's sun,  
Soon their story will have told.

## Centennial Stories.

## THE HIDDEN CONTINENTAL.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

THE eventful year of 1778 was drawing to a close when Colonel Campbell, of the British army, landed near Savannah, and fell furiously on the Americans under General Howe. Howe's troops were in no condition to face the enemy; an unsuccessful campaign in the Floridas had enfeebled his men by disease, and, deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he retreated up the river.

Of course, the then capital of Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, who abused his triumph, and consigned his name to an unenviable fame.

There was a strong tory element in Savannah which had been kept in check by the presence of the Continentals; but when the British marched into the city, it rose and asserted its strength. Houses were plundered, and a number of patriots bayoneted in the streets. Neighbor rose against neighbor, and Tories led a plundering soldiery to the homes of the patriots.

The Holly family that dwelt in Savannah at the time of its capture and sack, consisted of three persons—the mother and two children. The father, a man of wealth and influence in Georgia, had died during the year that preceded the outbreaking of the war, and the home of his family was one of the finest residences in the city.

Miriam Holly, the oldest child, was a beautiful girl of nineteen, while her brother was five years her junior. If the father had lived, he might have proven a tory, for he was devotedly attached to the mother country, and when the king's troops took possession of the capital, Colonel Campbell, commanded that the Hollys' home should not be ransacked.

Thus the house escaped pillage, and Miriam hastened to thank the soldier for his kindness.

Colonel Campbell was struck by the girl's grace and remarkable loveliness, and detained her at his headquarters until he had learned her family history by many adroit questions.

"There goes the handsomest woman in Georgia!" cried Campbell, as the girl left the house.

His companion, who happened to be his chief of staff, looked after Miriam and remarked:

"I quite agree with the colonel. These American rebels are all beautiful."

"We will not occupy this building after tomorrow," he said, suddenly. "I am going to take up my abode beneath the same roof that shelters Miriam Holly."

"Love at first sight, colonel," said the chief of staff, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Lady Bonn so soon forgotten, my dear colonel?"

"Lady Bonn be hanged!" cried Campbell. "A soldier loves whom and whom he pleases, and besides, major, one is not obliged to marry these American girls because he loves them."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of an orderly, and was not resumed.

On the following day Colonel Campbell made Miriam Holly's home his headquarters.

The girl grew deathly pale when she learned of the sudden change, and said, in a whisper, to her mother:

"This is a terrible event. He is not fit to depart yet, nor will he be for a week to come."

"Miriam, I have been thinking that it might be policy for us to give him up to the army," replied Mrs. Holly.

"Give him up now?" cried the girl. "Give him up and hear every tory in Savannah cry for his blood? No! Unless discovered, he shall remain where he is until he is able to escape!"

Miriam Holly spoke with much firmness, and tears stood in the mother's eyes when she opened her arms and received the daughter in her embrace.

"Forgive me, Miriam!" she cried. "We must keep our secret from Colonel Campbell. He must not know who lies to-day beneath our roof."

So Miriam hastened from her mother's presence, and by touching a concealed spring in the wall of an unfinished room, revealed a narrow stairway. She at once mounted the steps and entered a very small apartment into which light streamed from a sky-window.

The room was tenanted. On a low cot lay a man in his twenties. His dark hair contrasted vividly with the deathly pallor of his face, and the suit of faded continental uniform, with a sword, that hung against the wall over the bed, told that he was an American soldier. A boy of fifteen who sat on the edge of the bed was reading aloud, but in a cautious tone, when the door opened to admit Miriam.

The invalid's face lit up with a smile when the fair girl came forward and took his fevered hand.

Then she told him about Colonel Campbell's change of quarters, and he listened without a question.

"Well!" he said at last, "what are we going to do?"

"We are going to remain here till we get strong enough to leave the city," answered Miriam, with a smile, and even while she spoke a faint noise below told her that the British colonel was moving into his new quarters.

The continental was a captain in Howe's little army. He had served the colonies with a zeal surpassed by none who rallied round the cause of freedom; but disease had seized upon him in Florida, and he returned with the troops to Georgia to find an asylum in Miriam Holly's home, and to be nursed by her through the long hours of his fever. The attending physician was a man who knew how to keep a se-

cret, and as his sympathies were with the patriot cause, he gave Miriam many valuable hints that looked to the hidden soldier's health and future safety.

Colonel Campbell, bent on the conquest of the fair girl's heart, tried to make himself agreeable to the inmates of the mansion. Miriam took good care not to show him that his absence would be more desirable than his company, and the widow treated him with a courtesy that kept him aloof from suspicion for several days.

It was believed by the tories of Savannah that a number of Continentals remained secreted in the city. Indeed, several had been discovered since its capture, and at the time of the commandant's change of quarters an active search for such persons was going on.

"Is this house haunted, Miss Miriam?" asked the colonel one morning at the breakfast-table. The girl started at the abrupt question, and wondered if she turned pale.

"Haunted?" she echoed, with an effort. "The ghosts must be rats. Have you been visited by sheeted beings?"

"No, but after I had retired last night I heard a noise like the sound of distant voices. It seemed to be directly overhead, and I called my chief of staff. Who sleeps over my apartment, if you will permit so bold a question?"

"My brother," answered Miriam, quickly. "I was with him until a late hour last night."

"And the night before?"

"Yes."

"Then I heard the sound of your voices, no doubt," said Campbell, glancing at the chief of staff, whose eyes, during the conversation, had been fastened on the girl's face.

Major Guilford had noticed every change of countenance, and when the twain had retired from the breakfast-table, he grasped his superior's arm.

"What do you say now, colonel?" he cried, in triumph.

"I—I don't know what to say. I—"

"I watched her like a hawk, and I tell you that the girl is dissimulating. There is a rebel soldier in this house!"

Colonel Campbell looked at his major, but did not speak.

"I never did believe that she was a Tory," continued Guilford. "She is one of the rankiest rebels in Savannah. Why, colonel, so long as the Continentals remained beneath this roof, you cannot succeed with her. He stands between you and Miriam Holly, so you see the line of your policy is clearly before you."

The British colonel started.

"I did not think of that!" he said. "Major, we will solve the mystery of the sounds we heard last night."

"With me it is solved already," was the chief of staff's reply.

From that hour Miriam Holly was watched. Her absence from the lower rooms was noted, and the colonel knew when she was not in her boudoir.

As the days waned, the hidden Continental improved, and at last he rose and donned his faded uniform.

"To-morrow night, if it be dark and stormy," Miriam said to him, while she polished his sword in the mellow light of the lamp. "I have the doctor's



# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

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**Sunshine Papers.**

**Needed Reforms.**

REFORMS are the order of the day. There are reformed churches and reformatory schools; reform measures, reform committees, reform bills, reform parties, reform platforms, and a mania for reform civil, social and ecclesiastical. Yet there are some social customs still remaining unaffected by this mania that greatly need to be impregnated by its spirit. And not the least among these are the customs that govern modern funerals, weddings, anniversaries, and charities.

Funerals certainly might be bettered by a reform movement in regard to them. In accordance with the fashion of to-day they are but shows; which, if looked upon as indicative in any way of the refinement of the American people, are simply a disgrace to us. Who, reading the account of a costly funeral that occurred not long since, where strangers from the streets were allowed to fill the scores of carriages that had been ordered expressly for display, could fail to feel intense disgust? Yet that was only the outgrowth of an excess of what characterizes too many funerals. A vulgar love of ostentation prevails powerfully in our country. To be sure, it is a natural offshoot of the youth, prosperity and equality of our social system, and an age in which fortunes are made in a day, and gold is an open sesame to power and position. Yet it is not an evil that lies beyond the pale of reformation if only the cultured classes in our communities would frown upon such evident ill-taste, instead of passively drifting into the same current. The burial of our dead is not a fitting time for seeking to out-vie one's neighbor, gain a sensational notice in a paper, or cause a nine-days' gossip among acquaintances. And then, the extent to which the fashion of making floral presentations on such occasions has gone calls for some speedy and severe reform movement. Flowers are not out of place at a funeral, and no one can appreciate their beauty more, nor the tenderness which prompts some of these gifts, than the writer. But in too many cases these offerings are merely formal and from donors whose highest motives are to outdo in lavish expenditure some social rival, and whose money might be better spent in canceling neglected debts. But the most serious evil arising from this prevalence of funeral presentations is the demand it makes upon a man's hard-earned and seriously needed dollar or half-dollar of teachers, workmen, and laborers, who cannot refuse to join their comrades in buying some costly gift for master or chief who in life compelled them to toil wearily for scanty salaries, and in death has no need of their self-denial.

Again, weddings are occasions where a few reforms might be advantageously effected, if but enough sensible women could be found in the world to inaugurate the movement. For not seldom is good taste, common sense, and future comfort, sacrificed to a determination to make a grand splurge. Presents are expected alike from near friends and mere acquaintances. A fact which renders attendance upon weddings very onerous to many persons who feel compelled to send some gift and yet can scarcely afford to do so. And then the universality of this gift-giving encourages deceit and lowers the standard of good taste by largely forcing acceptance of invitation for reality, for but half the presents given at weddings are what they purport to be.

Following weddings come the numerous anniversaries of the same; the paper wedding at the end of a year, wooden wedding at the end of five years, tin at ten, crystal at fifteen, linen at twenty, and silver at twenty-five. These are pleasant epochs in the course of married life; pleasant to remember with one's friends,

and pleasant to have one's friends remember for one. But when these anniversaries are turned into occasions for polite beggary by intimating in dainty invitations that the guests are not expected to come with empty hands, it is quite time that some change be made in regard to these social impositions.

And such reform measures as are needed in regard to charities! And, as one, we would suggest that no person shall plume herself or himself upon her or his benevolence when such benevolence takes the form of bestowing only that which in any case would be worthless to the donor. Charity which costs nothing is of little account. Charity bestowed less for the sake of the good it will do than for the sake of the encomiums it will earn, is not the charity which covers a multitude of sins. Indiscriminate charity, bestowed merely to rid one's self of importunities, is a decided evil. While, of all absurdities, what can be more absurd than the miser, charity, applied to that exhibition of benevolence which devoutly expends itself in a five-dollar ticket for an entertainment given for the poor and needy, and meets the requirements of self-interest by expending several hundred dollars upon a costume to display at said entertainment.

As these needed reforms can only be effected by cultured and influential women, let us hope that a few such may glance here, and courageously determine that they will take such a social stand against display, reckless expenditure, and pernicious customs, as to lead into more sensible usages the women who will look to them for example.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

**DESERTED HOUSES.**

DESERTED houses may be a very prosaic and commonplace subject to many, and the houses themselves have no interest, yet they always invest themselves with a charm to me, and I often weave quite a romance out of the bare walls and empty rooms. Empty to others, but occupied with persons besides myself to me. I can people them with human beings—beings who have had their joys and sorrows, pains and pleasures, loves and hates, quarrels and "makings up" again, living just such lives as human beings with frail mortal natures always live.

When I find myself wandering in one of these deserted dwellings the humorous and pathetic side of life, in its various phases, flits through my mind and I give way to musing and thinking.

I think it was just here that Jennie said those harsh words to her beau which sent him home feeling as though he wanted to jump into the horse-pond—that caused him to say he'd "never visit her again" and she to declare that "she hoped he never would." Over there is the chamber where poor Jennie lay awake all night with tear-blinded eyes. And here it is again that the beau sat, for he did come back, and where Jennie told him how sorry she was for her conduct, for she did desire his return, making up the quarrel, mending the broken net and joining the severed links—daylight taking the place of darkness and making hearts light as feathers which once were heavy as lead.

Maybe there was a marriage in this room, which must have been a cheerful one. I hope the marriage was as cheerful as the room itself, and that there were none of those pleasant beings present to whisper in the bride's ear: "Men are deceivers ever!" or some male biped to insinuate to the bridegroom: "Fraud, thy name is woman." It seems to me that there is too much gravity in these weddings at home, too much sobbing as though the bride had done a very wrong thing in her endeavor to make a man's heart happy, to aid, encourage and cheer him, to be a part of his life and to know there are others to live for besides herself. Is this a thing to weep about and cast a damper over what should be a festival of joy?

Perhaps you will croak in my ears that "it is a very solemn thing to be married." That remark was made to some one else and the reply was, "that it was a great deal more solemn not to be." Maybe sorrow found a lodgment among these walls, long days of sickness, weeks when the room must be darkened while the sun was fairly dancing outside; voices and footsteps must be hushed while the birds outside were twittering, caroling and chirping around and about the trees. Weary nights of pain and anguish when all but the poor sufferer was still and quiet. How long the hours must have seemed and how slowly the old clock—that must have stood in that corner—seemed to tick!

And the doors—could they narrate their story—might tell us of the brides and bridegrooms, the coffins, the mourners that have passed through them. The thresholds are worn by steps that have been both light and heavy; feet have passed over them out into the world, never to return.

The old fire-places look cold and dark, yet roaring fires have filled them once, and, before the big days of sickness, weeks when the room must be darkened while the sun was fairly dancing outside; voices and footsteps must be hushed while the birds outside were twittering, caroling and chirping around and about the trees. Weary nights of pain and anguish when all but the poor sufferer was still and quiet. How long the hours must have seemed and how slowly the old clock—that must have stood in that corner—seemed to tick!

How many good things may have been kept in this old cellar! I wonder how many foolish creatures have gone down these stairs backward on some dark night, without the sign of a light, with a looking-glass in their hands, fully expecting to see the face of their future life-partner peering over their shoulder into the glass, and then rushed up-stairs with a scream and a scamper, helter-skelter, pell-mell, frightened at the dark, and fearful lest they should see exactly what they took so much trouble to behold!

Why can't old houses be taught to write books and tell us of their experience? It seems to me it would be interesting reading. We love to read of these romances of real life, although the lives are humble and though the story be about such a lifeless thing as a deserted house.

Well, we must leave this old house, but, as I close the door, I seem to leave invisible spirits behind me who keep guard over the old place. I shut the door and leave behind me much romance and emerge into the practical, work-a-day world.

EVE LAWLESS.

**EXERCISE AND HEALTH.**

PERHAPS not the least advantage which is derived from muscular, active exercise, as opposed to passive exercise—(by which we refer to a ride in a carriage or a sail in a vessel), in which latter case the abdominal muscles are the only ones actively exercised—is cleanliness. We mention this, as it has been little insisted upon by the advocates of gymnastic training. It belongs rather, perhaps, to a treatise on medicinal than athletic gymnastics; but the two are, at the present day, happily incorporated.

A microscope will show the millions of drains with which the skin is perforated, for the sake of avoiding effete matter. This effete matter can only be thrown off by perspiration, produced by exercise. If it is not thrown off it is absorbed into the system, (particularly consumption), and premature death are the result. The result is produced by the canals of the skin becoming clogged, which not only prevents the refuse matter from coming out, but also prevents oxygen—which is essential to life—from coming in. We do not breathe with the lungs only, consuming carbon and other matter, and renewing the blood with oxygen as it passes through them; the skin, also, is a respiratory organ. Some animals have no lungs, and breathe entirely with the skin; others, with a portion of the skin modified into gills, or rudimentary lungs.

In animals of a higher grade, though the lungs are the instruments principally devoted to this function, the skin retains it, still, to such an extent that to interfere with its pores is highly dangerous, but to arrest their operation fatal. The breathing of the skin may be easily proved by the simple experiment of placing the hand in a basin of cold water, when it will be soon covered by minute bubbles of carbonic acid. But a more complete and scientific proof is afforded by inserting it in a vessel of oxygen, when the gas will, after a short time, be replaced by carbonic acid. "We all know," says Dr. Breteron, "from daily experience, the intimate sympathy which exists between the skin and lungs, and when we are walking fast, how much more easily we go along, after having broken out in perspiration; if we are riding, our horse freshens up under the same condition." In these homely words he is indirectly proving the chief sanitary characteristics of medicinal gymnastics. We have most of us heard the story of the unfortunate child who, to add solemnity and symbolic happiness to the inauguration of Leo X. as Pope of Rome, was gilded over, at Florence, to represent the golden age. The career of this child, so conditioned, was brilliant but brief. It, of course, died in a few hours.

**Foolscap Papers.**

**A Familiar Lecture on Science.**  
My fellow-voyagers who tread the pleasant paths that lead to vermifuge and honor, as you sit under the cadences of my inspiring voice, you will please keep quiet in the matter of peanuts, and be exhilarated by a familiar lecture on science—the most scientific of all subjects.

Mr. Downs will please insert some material wood into the stove, and be careful about emphasizing the stove door.

Unfortunately I left my notes at home, and will be obliged to draw on my memory on this occasion. The lecture will be divided up into divisions, each division will be split up smaller, and if there is any left it will be used for kindling-wood.

What is science? Science is the elimination of the fundamental fundaments as applied to the eccentric refrigeration in contamination with the unsubstantial apothecary; vast in its conception and supplementary to the antimonial circumstance of the disingenuous insignificance as indemnified in the festivity of the pertinacity of the ostentatious delirium tremens, as it were. The simplicity of this description will be further deodorized when I say I am a plain man and utterly discountenance obscure terms that lead to universal bigamy.

But let us proceed by going forward. The pursuit of science in the rough is like the pursuit of a straw hat on a windy day; when you think that you have got it by the tail this time you find there is opportunity for more exertion, and you may eventually get the hat, and you may bring up in a mud-puddle—just as is most convenient.

The endless mutilation of the scientific epithet, I might be allowed to say, combined with the subterranean empyrean involves in the progress of receding ages the insipid necessity of many interrogating questions; to the hebdomadal mind these transfused through the illimitable millennium shine forth, as it were, in the commiserating concatenation of perpetual chloroform, reiterate the irresistible immateriality, as you are well aware, of the sublime petroleum. I hope there is no person present who is capable of doubting the meaning and the force of my words; if there is, he shall leave the hall by particular request.

Science not only exalts the human mind, but it lifts it up. Looking at it from my standpoint through the invertebrate phantasmagoria, or in other words, paragonic science evaporates supremacy and elucidates proximity, while it resolves the consciousness of the pusillanimous incognito, proves the indivisibility of the contemporaneous turpentine, as embodied in tangible vicissitude, and shows the inflammatory monotony inverted by the promiscuous rhinoceros; spiritualizes in ascending nodes the synchronism of the eminent asparagus, and—and—that is to say—or in other terms—well, I'm sorry I left my notes; I have to rely entirely upon my memory.

It is a pleasing thing to follow the workings of science in the right way. It not only animates the imaginative empiricism and harmonizes the metaphysical podagogue in abstract insensibility, but it goes further, as you well know, and in deleterious vitriol recognizes the opacity and irrefragability of centrifugal apoplexy, apostatizes the elaborate ephemeric as exasperated in the synonymous opiphany, defines the minimum abrogation and hemispheric of the transcendental asafetida; establishes the magnanimity of jocular insolency, reduces the mellifluous itinerancy of the magnanimous anonymous in conspicuous superfluity, and very fully to my mind, establishes the plausibility and extraneous inebriation of the—of the spectacular calamity.

Some of my hearers may differ with me in regard to some of these views expressed, but I think if it was necessary I could very easily prove that what I say is as so as it can be; and great discoveries in truth are always startling to the unstudied mind. I spent years of my boyhood in the pursuit of science and something to eat.

I must bring my lecture to a close, but let me say in conclusion that the proper way to study science is to begin by precipitating the promiscuous consanguinity irregularly extemporized in inclement hypothermia, exaggerating the urbanity of predominant incompatibility with detrimental insanity, and prevaricate the consecutive equivalents in intimidation of the quadrennial collateral and go ahead. Am I not correct?

You will please pass the hat.  
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

In a moment of zealous enthusiasm, a young lady at a fair, in soliciting chances, stated that she would raffie herself off at \$1 a chance, five hundred chances to be taken, when a gentleman whipped out his wallet and announced that he would take the entire number. The fair one, surprised at such promptness, stated that the prize would be withdrawn for private offers.

## Topics of the Time.

—A certain physician of Chicago has grouped a mass of evidence and opinions to the effect that the remarkable climatic conditions which have prevailed since last autumn portend a coming epidemic, and while the prevailing symptoms in persons of phlegmatic temperament, chiefly women and children, are characteristic indications of the plague, the doctor is out of patients and patience, we surmise, because the country is so healthy, generally, and proposes to get up a society to set people running after the doctors upon the appearance of a pimple. Our advice is—don't be troubled about epidemics until you see them at the door.

—Did you plant a tree on May 10th? If not, you're neither eye for beauty, regard for your fellow man to come after you, nor care a cent's worth about a pure atmosphere. If you are indifferent and your neighbor is indifferent, it is a first rate sign for settlers to avoid your neighborhood. Trees are the lungs of the atmosphere; they do its breathing, taking up the carbonic acid (poison) emitted by men and animals, and furnaces and flues, and giving back to the atmosphere pure oxygen—which is the life of all things that breathe. Hence trees are benefactors; they are as necessary as pure water and pure food; they are a blessing and a comfort in various ways; they are beautiful and useful; and he who pays no heed to them is a mean, sordid soul whom it were a pity to class among our fellow citizens. No fellowship for us, if you please, with the man who has no love for trees.

—Talking about the extravagance of females' dress: it is a fact, not hard of belief, that the great majority of women are not inclined to dress as richly as their husbands desire. It is only the foolish votaries of extreme fashion who have been educated by foolish fathers and mothers to believe that the chief end of women is to dress better than other women. When a man like Carl Schurz announces that the extravagance of the sex is a bar to matrimony, it is time to protest against the libel. It impresses young men with false notions of women—who, in no respect, excepting in the dispensation of home hospitality, equal men in extravagance. Let men look about them carefully, and bear witness to our assertion that their wives and daughters are not, as a rule, violent extravagant dispositions without urging by their husbands. It is quite time that this glib about women's extravagance should be stopped.

—The idea that men are "played out" at sixty is most absurd and pernicious. At that age a healthy man is in his finest mental condition. To all his talents and culture he has added experience—the safest and surest of all mentors. He is then most worthy of responsibility—most capable as adviser and manager—most efficient as worker. His temper is toned down, his desire for bodily pleasures abated, his thought more concentrated, his habits fixed and methodical. To observe the men of sixty and to estimate their dispositions without urging by their husbands. It is quite time that this glib about women's extravagance should be stopped.

—The Indianapolis Journal intimates, from such data as it has been able to collect, that the average of divorce decrees in Indiana is not less than ten a year to each county, or about a thousand in the State, which is one to about eighteen hundred inhabitants. The proportion of families to population, by the census of 1870, was one to five and a quarter in Indiana. This makes the proportion of divorce to families to show the very unpleasant magnitude of one to about three hundred. But, as very many of the divorced are only temporary residents of the State—go there, in fact, only to secure the divorce and then depart—fair to fair to charge to Indiana society the demoralization implied by statistics from its divorce courts.

—A gentleman of experience, writing from Colorado, says, in regard to invalids who seek that climate: "If it be remembered that Denver is 5,317 feet above sea level, and that many other and more pleasant places of resort in the Territory are at a much greater altitude, it will be seen that the invalid must exercise extreme care in approaching so rare an atmosphere. I refer particularly to persons of weak lungs. Even in the earliest stages of disease this precaution is necessary; in the more advanced stages it is imperative; and in the last stages it should be frankly owned that speedy death is almost certain. Far better would it have been for many who have come hither to die to have breathed their last in their own homes, surrounded by such comforts and attended with such kindly care as friendship and love might bestow."

—The following is a man's opinion: The female lip has been profaned by the touch of any man, unless it be a relation, ought to lose all honor and respect. What remains for the husband if the lips—the very outlet of the soul—have mingled their breath of life with others? When a lady becomes a prodigal of her kisses we are instantly forced into one of two conclusions, either she holds her virtue by a very slender thread or that she is incapable of drawing the finer distinctions, which is one of the characteristics of a pure woman." To all of which we say "O, blather!" If a woman's lips are so sacred, why should they ever be soiled by hash, egg and codfish—why should they ever suck soap or munch peanuts? Her lips were made for various uses, and kissing is not the least of their offices. Only, the kissing should be seemly, and graciously given—as a sign of regard and trust. The woman who kisses only her husband is a starved soul, rest assured.

—Talking about receptions we have said of our own Capital society that people who go to Washington receptions don't go to honor their host or hostess. They go to show themselves, to see the show that other people make of themselves and to while away the time away. They spend hundreds, in some instances thousands of dollars on dresses and jewels and lace for these evenings at a Capital which, as old William Livingston said when one of his daughters went to New York in 1737 to "shake her heels at a ball," might as well be more studious of paying its taxes than of instituting expensive diversions."

—Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his recent admirable work on the "Diseases of Modern Life," devotes a chapter to a subject to which we have repeatedly alluded, and to which, in view of the athletic competitions to occur during the Centennial, the attention not only of those in training for such contests, but of those who favor athletic sports in all forms, may well be directed. We mean disease induced from physical strain, physical overwork, in short, which too often reduces the fairest specimens of muscular humanity to abject wrecks. Dr. Richardson brings to the consideration of this important topic a variety of new thoughts and suggestions, and these all tend to show, first, that excessive physical culture is useless, and second, that it is hurtful. We can confirm this by our own observation and inquiry. Of those who have, in young manhood, exercised severely in the gymnasium, or taken prizes in the athletic clubs, how many, when mid-life came, were perfectly sound men? That's the test. Avoid all severe exercise as you would avoid severe bursts of passion, severe drinking. Nature cannot long stand overdrains on her energies without showing injury, more or less serious.

—A correspondent from Ohio writes: "Spring is here and the bumble-bee begins to buzz; the soft voice of the tree-toad is heard in the land and the sentimental pollywog disports eth." He might have added: "It is the season of patent medicines, the lightning-rod man, patent clothes-lines, book-agents, sheriff's sales and spooning at the gate. But, perhaps, they do not have moving day, however—which is the next best thing to a sheriff's sale, judging by White-Horn's experience. He has been moving and tells about it, in last week's paper, in a very fearful way."

## Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Rachel's Dream," "Twice Wooded," "To Mrs. A. E. M.," "Renounced Inheritance," "Susan's Monomania," "The Burglar's Mistake," "Forget Me Not." Accepted: "Transition," "The Heart Child," "Longing," "Play of Hearts," "Highest Growth," "Transition," "A Loss that was a Gain," "My Girl's Romance." O. M. E. Send along the query, of course.

JENNIE Z. No stamps inclosed. Hence the "delay." L. A. B. Gettysburg, Pa., is his present address.

FRANKLIN. No proper address given—no real name.

C. S. E. Roscoe Conkling's term as senator expires in 1879; Morton's the same; Blaine is not a senator.

WEEKLY EXAMINER. We have "re-booked" you. Thank you for your excellent notice. Exchange lists are apt to get too large, and have occasionally to be trimmed down.

EMMA F. The professional "fortune tellers" are almost without exception great humbugs. Your "bad fortune" probably was all owing to the absence of the extra fee. A "good fortune" costs extra.

SPECIMEN N. A. The commercial educational course to be thorough consumes about two years' time. Would advise you, under the circumstances, to take the full course, seeing that your father is so willing.

MISS L. M. The enjoyment of companionship is always heightened by common objects of sympathy and pleasure. If your next room friend is congenial make the most of circumstances, which apparently are not always conducive to your happiness. Waste none of the opportunities that seem to be vouchsafed you.

F. G. So long as you continue at the work, and have the oil day fly over your head, you cannot eradicate the yellow hue from your skin. Keep the oil from the skin, and it will soon whiten. Of course any alkali will remove the oil from the skin and leave the complexion raw, but applications, if continued, will injure the skin texture. We recommend the use of borax in tepid water, or occasionally a wash of water slightly ammoniated.

MERCEY LANE. You are not "bound in honor" in the matter. If you don't like to remain in the society or wish to enjoy its privileges you can say so to its members and depart. You are not bound in honor. Probably your cousin had an interested motive in inducing you to sign this pledge. Say nothing about it to others, but do what in you lies to keep your relative away from its influence.

ZABRISKIE'S BOY. The tuberoses do not flower with you because the season is too short. Pot the center bulb about March 15th, and let it sprout well before putting out in the garden in May; then you'll have a fine bloom by June 1st, and you'll have one of the baby bulbs. It takes a baby bulb or "sucker" two years' growth to become a center or flowering bulb.

CONSTANT READER. Some inks cannot be removed from paper by any known process, without discoloring or wholly destroying the paper. Arnold's ink, for instance, is a chemical compound that no "eraser" or neutralizer affects. Ordinary ink, made of nut-gall and iron, can be removed by acids, but may be wholly eradicated by a solution of muriatic of tin, viz.: two drachms tin in four of pure water. Apply with camel's-hair brush; when the ink has disappeared pass the paper through water and dry, and press afterward with a hot iron.

Mrs. D. E. L. The recipe for dandelion wine you ask for, we believe, is as follows: "Take a quantity of the flower, boil in water, and add sugar to the extent of three pounds to a gallon, boil again twenty minutes with the rind of a lemon and one orange, then add the juice. When lukewarm, stir in a small quantity of yeast, filling up, lay something light on it, but do not fasten down till the fermentation ceases." It is a most admirable spring and summer drink.

CLERK No. 6. To calculate interest at twelve per cent, multiply sum by number of days, separate right hand figures and divide by 3; fifteen per cent—multiply by number of days and divide by 24; eighteen per cent—multiply by days, separate right hand figures and divide by twenty per cent—multiply by days and divide by 18. As the "Interest Tables" used in banks and counting-rooms do not usually go above ten per cent, in their calculations, these rules will be of great assistance to you. Cut them out and paste them in your interest book.

ALPHA writes: "For a gentleman to be out walking after dark, with a lady, is it necessary for him to ask the lady to take his arm, or should the lady take it without being asked? I think the latter is her privilege, and she should not wait to be asked." If the lady was an intimate friend of the gentleman, he is perfectly justified in taking her arm without any invitation to that effect from you; in any other case you should politely refuse, and say as much; it is always a lady's privilege, if her escort is a gentleman, to neglect, or ignorant of the rules of etiquette, to pleasantly call upon him for that little attention.

W. C. S. writes: "In No. 235 of the JOURNAL I found a depilatory for removing superfluous hairs. Will it, applied once, be sufficient to remove the hair forever? Or will they grow again in time? Is it necessary to pull out the superfluous hairs before applying the depilatory? If any part of the face be prevented from perspiring, where anything that will remove moles without injuring the skin? How can I become a good letter composer? As we have never tried the depilatory, we cannot say. We will tell whether one or several applications will be needed to accomplish the desired result. Hairs will not grow again if once removed. It is not necessary to pull out the hair before using the depilatory. A paste of fine wood-ashes left to dry on the skin eats off the hairs, and is a safe remedy; or, caustic acid, very slightly reduced with water, or a caustic pencil, will destroy superfluous hair, and prevent its growing, the part may be often bathed in strong camphor; or frequent washing with ammonia, as strong as can be borne, will soon clear ugly hairs. A small quantity of liquid ammonia added to the water in which you bathe will check too profuse perspiration; or, very troublesome, bathe the face in cold infusion of rosemary, and then dust with an impalpable powder made of eight ounces of starch, two ounces of orris-root, and one and a quarter ounce of fine white powder. This way to remove moles is by faithful and careful application of lunar caustic; if properly attended to they may be nicely banished. To compose a good letter, practice the habit of writing as if you were talking with your friends. Every day write a chatty letter to some imaginary person—filling it with talk of what you are doing, where you have been, what you have heard lately, and what you think of the opinions upon popular subjects, etc., and you will soon be able to write very entertaining letters."

ABNIE C. M. Nyack, asks: "When laying carpets what can be done to prevent the deprivations of moths?" Wash the floors with a solution of turpentine or benzine before putting down the carpets.

ANNA STEES, Rochester, says: "Please give me some recipe for removing pimples from the face. How can I render the hands soft and white? I have a dark complexion, and I think you can recommend to me to render it more blonde-like." Is the accompanying hair coarse and common or the reverse? How are my spelling, writing, grammar, and punctuation? Answer upon the above are the symptoms of a disordered system. If you can avail yourself of them, there is no remedy in the world so effectual for correcting a disordered state of the body and rendering the complexion dazzlingly pure, fair, and flawless, as Turkish baths. If these cannot be taken, tone yourself up with daily baths, plenty of air and sunshine, and healthy food—grains, vegetables and fruits. Make a strong solution of lime and water in a large bottle, and each morning add some to a goblet of water and drink. Do not be afraid to use carbolic soap freely upon your face. At retiring rub in the skin a few drops of this mixture: one ounce of English glycerine and rose-water, and twenty drops of carbolic acid. In the morning wash off with soap and water. If it seems to aggravate the eruptions for a time, it will cure them and refine the skin if perseveringly used. The lime water, as you must not be neglected. If your face is smooth and blooming with the first of health you cannot beautify it by seeking to make it "more blonde," the hair is very soft, fine, and flexible, and of a lovely brown you should take excellent care of it. To return to your second question: the signs of most fruits and vegetables, rubbed well of the hands, will take off the stains they have produced. If acids are used, oil should be used immediately after. Pumice-stone removes stains and roughness. Always when washing the hands brush the nails well, and at the last make a ladder of the soap and a few drops of sweet almond oil, or of mixed rose-water and glycerine, and dry the hands without rinsing off the lather. Nights rub well with mixed glycerine and rose-water. Keep old gloves to draw on while sweeping and doing dirty work. Your spelling and writing are good, your grammar is fair, but your punctuation is not quite correct.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.







while her face was flushed as though with natural bloom, the maiden said, quietly:

"Have I intruded, my friends, for such you have proven yourselves to be?"

"By no means, Eve—Ev—what must I call you now?"

"Eve, sir. My name is Eve Ainslie. The latter part of my Christian name was added."

"And apply done! Be seated, Eve, for we were just speaking of you, and of how cleverly you had deceived every one who knew you. Be seated, please, and tell us how you feel now," and Colonel Erskine drew the maiden gently toward him.

"I am better, thank you, sir; in fact I am quite recovered, and have come to make to you and your son a confession which I owe you."

"Wait a while, Eve, for your nerves are yet unstrung from the long and cruel strain upon them. You need rest and quiet," said Clarence, kindly.

"No, let me tell you all now, and then I will feel more like rest, and I desire earnestly to confess to you, and prove that, though I deceived you as regards my sex, I certainly had no desire to do so otherwise," and Eve Ainslie spoke most earnestly, while both Colonel Erskine and Clarence awaited in silent expectation the confession she had to make.

"From first to last I must tell you all," began the maiden, seating herself in an easy-chair, and in such a way that the shadows from the window curtain fell upon her face.

"Yes," she continued, "it is not my intention to deceive any longer, especially you my true friends, whom I have learned to love so dearly."

"I was born upon the Hudson river, and my father was a gentleman and a man of wealth—my mother a poor farmer's daughter."

"Disinherited by his parents for marrying one beneath him, my father took to the sea for a support, and upon the sea he lost his life when I was a wee thing."

"My mother soon after went to her grave—it was said dying of a broken heart, and as I was a pretty, bright child, my father's rich and proud relatives adopted me, and for years I lived with them indulged in every luxury, and educated daily in all that it was proper for me to know."

"Though a mere girl I was a proficient musician, possessed a good voice, and was a fair artist; but when in my fifteenth year there came a crash; my grandfather lost his wealth in speculation, shot himself through the heart in despair, and his family were left penniless. Even my own rich wardrobe and jewels went for food, and I was consigned to the care of a harsh, cruel woman, living on the river in a small house of her own."

"The woman had once been the affianced of my father; then she was beautiful and well off; but, when my father married another she became tired of a gay life, gave up the world, and settled herself down to a lonely life of bitter regret."

"I at first believed that she took me with her from kindness of heart—a lingering love for my father's memory; now I know that she did so for revenge."

"From the day I entered her home I became her slave. Every duty was thrown upon me. I even caught the fish for dinner, attended to the garden, milked the cow, and did all the work about the place that a man should have done."

"But, what else could I do? I was in her power and without a friend in the world to aid me."

"From my hard duties I soon got to wearing clothing fitted to my work, and some old clothing was made into suits for me, until I was wont to dress wholly in man's attire."

"And well was it for me that I was so dressed, for often was I upset on the river, and had I worn the clothing my sex demanded I should have been drowned."

"One day, when out fishing, a squall came up and upset a small sail-boat lying not far from me, its occupant having gone to sleep."

"Washed away from his capsize boat, and in the middle of the river, the person would have been drowned, had I not come to his rescue, and drawn him into my skiff."

"He proved to be a student of a college a few miles distant, and was so thankful for his life that he offered me a large sum of money, believing me to be, in my rough clothing, and with my hair cut short, some fisher lad."

"At first I was almost tempted to take his gold, and with it to fly from my cruel bondage; but I thought afterward that I could not be happy if I accepted his money, and so I refused, greatly to his chagrin."

"After that we met several times, and believing me still a boy he begged me to enter the college as a student, telling me that he was rich and would defray all my expenses."

"After a long deliberation I accepted his offer, for I was anxious to gain as good an education as possible; but he promised that he would keep a strict account of all he spent for me, and one day allow me to refund it to him."

"With this understanding, he ordered a small room, adjoining his own, prepared for me, and one night sailed over after me, bringing a trunk of clothing for me."

"Leaving my house by stealth, I entered the walls of the university, and became a student there, none suspecting my sex."

"My noble benefactor at length was drawn into a quarrel, as before I told you, with a fellow student, and fled from the college, and then I felt that I must leave also."

"My flight from the university on that fatal night; my arrival in the city, and start, on foot, to New York, you know, so I will say no more."

"And no more need be said, my child," said the kind old colonel, as Eve Ainslie concluded her confession, and let her head fall upon her hand.

Then, while his voice trembled with emotion, he continued:

"You have been like a son to me, child, and now you must take a warmer place in my heart; you must fill the vacuum left by the death of my poor Florice; yes, you shall be as my own daughter, and from this hour cast off the disguise you have so long worn."

"Come, Eve, you are my daughter now, and Clarence will be your brother."

A glad light shot through the eyes of Eve Ainslie, and springing forward she hid her face upon the broad breast of Colonel Erskine, her heart wildly throbbing with joy at her glorious triumph, the future looming up grandly before her ambitious eyes.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

Two young men walking down-town, lately, were discussing the means of obtaining a smoke.

"I've got a counterfeit half-dollar," said one.

"Can't you pass it?" asked the other.

"I don't know; you might."

"Me!" and the young man's face became one continuation of an elongated exclamation point.

"Me! Why, the very fact of my having so much money would create suspicion!"

## TWO SONGS.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

I sang a song at morning—  
I sang a song at night;  
The first a song of sorrow,  
The second of delight.

For I had lost a lover—  
All in the morning light;  
But ere the sun went westward  
I found a new delight.

And then I caroled gayly,  
For life is far too brief,  
And very far too precious  
To spend in vacant grief.

## The Cross of Carlyon:

OR,  
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Several of the passers by had stopped. The pavement just here—a disgrace to the good City of Monuments—was scarce broad enough for the passage of a good-sized wheelbarrow, and the scene that occurred was prominent enough; men and women, newboys and bootblacks flocked around.

"Loose me, if you please, sir," protested Christabel (we now speak of her by her proper name), confused and annoyed by his demonstrations, and the gaping gaze of bystanders.

"What!" screamed the little girl, holding her hands, and hopping up and down delightedly, "you don't know your uncle, Preston Arly! But, how should you! I forgive you."

The last time you saw me was when you danced on my knees, in baby clothes. I'd have known you, if it was a hundred years ago, by the likeness to your mother's face. Come to my arms! my dear, dear niece," and he would have hugged her again had she not evaded him determinedly.

"La! look at 'im!" giggled a spinster, with arched neck.

"Hooray!" vociferated the bootblacks, in chorus.

"Go it, old cock—crow some more!" shouted somebody.

"Oh, my perphetic soul—her unkyl!" blubbered a newboy, pathetically, and dropping into the arms of a companion. "Receive me, Shorty; I'm on the faint!"

The crowd augmented rapidly. Faces stared from every side. On the outskirts of the gathering was a wide-awake reporter, jotting the scene in his slip-book.

"Come, come," urged Arly, retaining and tugging at her hands, "let's get away from these gawks." And to the crowd: "Rag—tag—bobtail! way there—room here. Stand back!" And to Christabel, again: "Come along, my dear niece. What a sorry spectacle I've made of this, I'm sorry to see. Come right along."

Christabel was reasonably bewildered. As he pulled and tugged at her hands, she permitted him to lead her away from the shouting crowd.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, half-dragging her round the corner of Front street, "luckily, here's a cab. Get in, my dear niece—do get in. Of course you'll go to my house! You've just arrived in town; you had hardly decided what hotel you would select. Yes, I understand it all. Ah! my sweet niece, to think it's been so long since I set eyes on you. Now, get right in here—so."

And chattering in this style, laughing hysterically between words, he gently forced her into the cab.

For a few seconds, Christabel's mind had been swimming. Surprise, wonderment, confusion, incredulity, and the electric gabble of Preston Arly, seemed to have thrown her under a spell.

The cab whirled off and the crowd dispersed. The reporter closed his book with a satisfactory slap, and the newboys scattered, singing that odious ditty:

"Car'line, Car'line, can't you dance the bee-line,  
Aunt Jemi-ma, oh! my soul!"

And tumbled the occupants of the cab. Christabel recovered herself thoroughly, as she felt herself riding swiftly along Front street to the Fayette street bridge.

"I hardly know, sir, whether I am doing right in allowing you to carry me off in this manner. I am greatly puzzled. I never remember any mention being made of my relatives, and do not know if you are, indeed, my uncle, as you say."

"Yes, yes, my dear, the elder brother of the man who married your mother. I am Preston Arly, you see."

"Ah!" breathed Christabel, composedly. "And your father—you remember your father, my dear?" suddenly.

"No, I do not. Candidly, I have never heard his name uttered. But it would seem that my true name is Arly, not Carlyon."

"Ho! gods!" thought the old villain, "Albert is safe enough. I see she isn't posted. Her mother must have hated her father like brimstone, to keep his name hushed up." And aloud: "As I was about to say, your father was the dearest brother I had. No, my darling niece, your name is Carlyon. Your father and mother separated and were divorced—a tiny quarrel, which you shall hear all about. She took her maiden name, and had the same given to you. Where in the world have you been since your dear mother died—hey?"

"I was abroad, at the date of her death," replied Christabel, calmly regarding the fidgeting, squirming little gentleman.

"Possible!" he exclaimed. "But you know that she is dead—oh! my darling, new-found niece! You know that you are heir to all her wealth—I may say her very great wealth!"

A transient light beamed in Christabel's face. If the man was truly her uncle, his aid in establishing her identity would be most valuable. He seemed to know her and all about her, and despite her first doubts, she gradually concluded that he must be what he represented; though the possibility of her having any living relative at all was a matter that never occurred to her since her father's death. His hints, too, showed that she was, in reality, an heir, and to considerable extent so.

It may appear singular to the reader that Christabel should know so little of herself. This, with other items, will be explained anon.

"You are ready to assist me in my claim to my mother's estate?" she said, almost indifferently.

"Certainly, my dear"—rubbing and turning the skinny hands—"anything at all that I can do for you will be a pleasure; and for Meggy Merle, your good, faithful nurse, you know, she is with you?"

"Meggy Merle is dead. She was run over by a wagon and killed in Washington. Christabel informed him as quietly as if speaking of the last theater announcement.

"Dead!" repeated the squirming Arly, inwardly. "This is glorious. Meggy out of the way, and the secret of Albert's villainy safe—ho! we progress finely. Excellent!" The "excellent" escaped his lips aloud, and he mended it by adding quickly: "Excellent Meggy Merle. I'm sorry to know of her death. Of course that's what brought you to Baltimore—your heritage, I mean, my dear!"

"Yes."

"And you are ready to prove your identity? You have papers, etc.?"

"Unfortunately I have no proofs, except my knowledge that I am Christabel Carlyon."

"In that case, your meeting with me is all the more happy. I can assist you materially. Why, you've been wanting, these fifteen years. Now you're here, we'll soon fix it. Excellent. Ho! very good. I am all eagerness to help the child of my brother."

"I will show my appreciation," said Christabel, with a bow and a faint smile, "by beginning at once to address you as 'uncle Preston.'"

"Do so, my dear. Excellent. Glorious," cried old Arly; and he bobbed across to the other seat, rubbing his little hands more vigorously than ever.

The cab soon arrived at its destination, and Preston Arly took Christabel proudly by the hand, leading her into his residence.

There are a great many men who, at Preston Arly's age, grow rheumatic, stiff, and barely capable of crawling round. But Preston Arly was no other than himself; younger at sixty-nine, apparently, than his son at forty-two. Head and heels were full of activity—the expiring spurt of well-worn nature; his body supple as a flag in a breeze, and his arms and limbs like electric eels.

As they passed the doorway, he pointed to the office sign of "Arly & Arly."

"You see, my darling niece, I am the very one who can aid you." And as he conducted her to the parlor on the second floor, he continued: "Now, you are at home, thoroughly at home, remember. Where is your baggage? Let me send for it immediately. Then we'll have a long, explanatory talk together."

Christabel gave him the number and location of Mrs. Lee's. After further demonstrations of affectionate joy—which would have been more agreeable if omitted—and with a promise to send the housekeeper to attend to her comfort at once, Preston Arly withdrew.

His small, shadowy figure went down the stairs, three steps at a time, and he darted into the side office like a ball from a Roman candle. On one side was a chair with a screw. Into this chair he flung himself, and hitting his knee a slap, he gave a dig at the matting, stuck out his two legs horizontally, and went spinning furiously around.

"Ho!" he cackled. "The bird's caged—a lovely bird. Excellent. She isn't posted 'at all, and Meggy Merle had her neck broke some time ago. Royal, I say—royal!"

Albert Arly sat leisurely smoking a cigar, with his heels elevated on the window sill.

"Ah! yes—that's royal," he echoed.

And up-stairs, Christabel had sunk into one of the immense easy-chairs, with a sort of exhaustion.

Her lovely face had none of the glow of excitement that might have been natural under the circumstances; not a particle more color in the soft, full cheeks—not a whit paler.

"Can it be possible that this man is my uncle?" she murmured. "What can all this portend? It seems incredible to me. I cannot refuse to avail myself of what appears to be truly good fortune. I am to learn more of my wonderful little uncle, in that 'long, explanatory talk.' Ha! ha! ha! so there was prophecy in it, after all, when I told Mrs. Lee I would whisk off entirely some day, and thus accepting the situation with notable nonchalance, she leisurely began drawing off her gloves, glancing around the richly furnished room."

The prey was in the meshes. Would she easily and blindly serve the purpose of the two schemers?

## CHAPTER XII.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

THE long, explanatory talk which was to make the pretending uncle and the wondering niece better acquainted, did not take place that evening as she anticipated; nor did it occur the next day, nor the next. In truth, Christabel saw very little of the old gentleman—their meetings being only of short duration at meal times—and when she once reminded him of their engagement for an interview, he begged a postponement, on the plea that he was extraordinarily busy at court.

It surprised him to observe that Christabel accepted his excuses in a manner which plainly said:

"Oh! just as you choose, uncle mine; it is a matter of utmost indifference to me, if you avoid it altogether."

The day following her arrival at the house of Preston Arly, she was informed that carriage and driver awaited her orders at any hour. Close upon this announcement came sundry presents in jewelry, expensive cloths, trimmings, gay plumes, etc. Two ladies from a fashion emporium visited her; a maid appeared exclusively for her service, and the aged housekeeper bustled about in new apron, eager to have comfort palpable on all sides.

It seemed like a romance of genii and fairies. Everything was showered upon her, as if her minutest wants and tastes were known.

Christabel accepted the whole with amazing composure, and without any particular demonstration of pleasure. But she sent word of thanks to Preston Arly, and could not help acknowledging, in her heart, that her new-found uncle was a marvel of generosity.

They were catering bounteously to the caged bird. It had not once crossed her mind that there was a purpose hidden in the depth of attention shown her.

Old Preston Arly rubbed his hands till the knuckles cracked, while he congratulated himself that his plan of procedure was just the way to clip the wings of the bird, make her susceptible to his vast kindness, and finally, in its cage of gold and music, induce it to sing as he and his son devoutly wished.

So the week drew to an end—Christabel's time having been devoted to continuous enjoyment, with riding about, consulting dressmakers, and contributing her royal presence at table.

It seemed as if she had been in an inmate of the house since childhood; every look, action or utteranceavoring of an easy familiarity with her surroundings, instead of exhibiting a girlish delight at the sudden brightening of her fortune.

Preston Arly soon discovered that he had not a calm, conscious woman to deal with, and not a girl of giddy taste or reckless humor, who was to be intoxicated with the glitter of wealth, or made pliant to the will of another.

"Egad!" he would mumble, dubiously, "she is one who can and will think for herself, and not so easily twined round one's fingers as Albert counted on. What if my costly gifts

are wasted? Ho! devils! I must not think of it—a total loss. I have my doubts about the capacity of this 'pal,' who is to reap our harvest for us. What if, instead of a gay bird, we have caged a Tartar, a lovely Tartar—with her quietness that tells, and her take-it-for-granted disposition! Most unfortunate, and I won't think of that, either. Um!—yes, I have serious misgivings for our scheme. But, we'll see, we'll see."

On Sabbath day the gorgeous equipage drove up to the door, and Preston Arly, dressed with a sleekness his body had never known before, assisted Christabel to her seat.

Her attire was elegant; her mien that of an empress. Despite himself the nervous old gentleman was tickled with pride at having her beside him—so universally noticed for her beauty and elegance.

After attending divine service at the Charles street Methodist church, they returned to the parlor of their home; and for the first time in nearly a week, Arly seemed inclined to linger with her.

"You will excuse me, uncle Preston, till I lay aside my things."

"Certainly, my dear. I have something in store for you."

"In a moment—"

"But, my dear—yes—I want to prepare you for a little surprise. You are to meet somebody. I tell her?"

"Whom?"

"Your father."

"My father?"—with the slightest perceptible start, and then smiling: "I had quite forgotten about him, uncle Preston. Is he coming to-day?"

"Already here. Arrived last night."

"Of course I shall be pleased to meet my father. I'll join you presently," and she swept leisurely from the room, leaving him astare.

"Well!" he exclaimed, looking after her, "she's the coolest cucumber ever molded. She takes it as if I was about to introduce her to somebody hardly worthy of notice. Ho! if that's the way she will meet her father, how will it be with this lady-killing 'pal' of Albert's? Ah, Albert, you're here, eh? The last to his son, who just then opened the door of the room adjoining the parlor."

"Yes, I'm here, and waiting impatiently. Did you tell her?"

"Did I? You may depend. Impatient, eh? Curb it, my boy—with a nervous wriggle of the hand—she's as indifferent as an image, and your reception will be like a blast of snow in the face in midwinter."

Arly, senior, was about right. Christabel soon re-entered the parlor, and the old gentleman assumed ardor for the occasion.

"Ah! my dear, here's your father, your loving father who has not seen you for years. Embrace him. Be joyous. You are reunited; happiness forever. Ho! Excellent! Albert, behold her!"

"My darling, darling child!" cried Albert Arly, stepping quickly forward.

She paused at his approach, and extended both white, jeweled hands, which he grasped with simulation of emotion. But she did not fly to his arms, nor present the ripe mouth for the paternal kiss.

"My father," she said, smiling graciously. "I am, indeed, very, very glad to see you."

Old Arly could have leaped in the air, and kicked over the stool at his feet. He was nearly beside himself with amusement. The greeting was cool beyond measure.

To Albert, it was galling. Concealing his chagrin, almost rage, he adopted another tack—that of a man who, accustomed to the freezing codes of "society," considered his daughter's reception amply adequate.

Holding her hands in a warm, emotional pressure, he gazed into the flashing black eyes that met his so stolidly, and said:

"My dear child—Christabel! It has been so many years since I had you with me, that now, I can scarce realize my joy. I had mourned you as dead. And you have grown so lovely, that I might doubt my senses were it not for your likeness to your mother."

"And, father, as I have no recollection of you whatever, I might as reasonably have stronger doubts than yours, but for the assurance of uncle Preston."

"Ah! Ahem! you may both be greatly surprised," put in Arly, Sen., dragging forward one of the satin chairs as he spoke. "Sit down. We must know all about each other."

Albert Arly led his daughter to a sofa—his daughter really, for this was the only part played by the schemers without deception.

"My brother has doubtless informed you, Christabel, that your mother and I were divorced?"

"I believe he has."

"But that was after your birth, my child. The little babe should have held us even stronger together. In an evil moment we quarreled, and I left her. I have repented it sorely. And now that my dear daughter is restored to me, a glorious woman, I shall make amends for all past follies, by devoting my very soul to her happiness."

"Yes, yes," interpolated old Arly, with a squirm. "And now, my adorable niece, about yourself?"

"Oh, there is very little about myself," replied Christabel, laughing lightly. "I suppose after my mother was left alone, she must have wandered over the earth aimlessly; for during my early years, I dimly recollect, I was in charge of a good woman named Meggy Merle. I did not see my mother until—I think I was nine years old."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the father.

"Possible!" enunciated Arly, Sen.

"Nor was I with her long then," she pursued. "It is more like a dream to me, when I recall the brief period allowed me, in which to know and love her. There was another, too, whom I loved."

"Who was that other?" interrupted Albert Arly.

"His name was Jerome Harrison. But, it was mere girlish love, you know, growing out of deep respect. He was very kind, talked tenderly with me, and, I remember, was quite attached to my mother."

"And why did your dream end, my dear? asked the old gentleman, squirming again.

"That is the mystery of this wonderful history," quoted Christabel, elevating her brows. "One day Meggy Merle came running into my room, hurriedly dressed me, and we flew away from home."

"Yes—our home. She was terribly frightened, and so was I, though I did not know what about. To all my questions she only said: 'The hawk! the hawk!'"

A shadow passed over the face of Albert Arly, and the squirming old gentleman fidgeted more restlessly. The next question was a crisis.

"This 'hawk' was a man, I suppose, my child?"

"Yes. That I learned afterward."

"Some evil personage. Did you hear his name?"

"No."

The two plotters breathed freer.

"What else, my dear?" whined Arly, Sen., his rat-eyes twinkling.

"Then Meggy and I fled from this country to Europe. For several years we kept up our flight at intervals, trailed, she said, by this dreadful fellow called the 'Hawk.' Finally, we settled in Paris. A great amount of money, which Meggy said my mother had given her, was exhausted. We opened a millinery establishment and were quite successful, though most of my time was devoted to my education. Meggy wrote at least half a dozen letters to my mother, but without eliciting reply, of course. We did not know of her death. At last Meggy discovered that the 'Hawk' was no longer tracking us. We returned to America, and went to Washington. I was to remain there while Meggy took observations, for she suspected that my mother must be dead, and, if so, I was heir to money and property—very pleasant news, indeed, for we were horribly poverty-stricken by this time. She was, unfortunately, killed by a runaway accident, about three weeks ago. Her last words to me were: 'Find your mother—find Mr. Harrison. Lochwood, Hartford road, Baltimore.' The expense of the funeral left me almost without funds, and my immediate thought—was of my inheritance. I fancy I am not afraid of 'hawks,' vultures, nor anybody else. So, I came to Baltimore; and the sooner you can assist me in my object, the more grateful I shall be."

This succinct account of herself was followed by an outburst on the part of her father.

"My dear, suffering child! To think that you have been roaming so unhappily for fifteen years, while my heart ached to know what had become of you. Providence is kind, at last, in bringing you to me."

"Excellent!" broke forth Arly, Sen., clapping his skinny hands. "Now, it's smooth sailing everlasting. And brother Albert, the party, you know—"

"Ah! yes," as if suddenly reminded of something, "we have planned a reception, Christabel. You must be announced to 'society' with becoming éclat. Cards are out for next Wednesday evening. It pleases you?"

"Indeed! A surprise. Of course I am pleased. A party by all



ica, and I think I may say, with truth, that his secret sympathies were with the patriots.

A young and handsome officer, a jovial companion, and Bertha Latimer's lover.

Such a man was Captain Graycliff Clayton.

Helen Latimer was in a merry mood when she left Dorchester, and she did not seem a person who was a prisoner beneath the flag which had waved over America so long.

The destination of the party was soon made manifest by the appearance of an old church which stood in the midst of a grove about three miles from the fort.

"I trust we shall not be late, captain," Helen said.

"Not too late to miss the good benediction," was the smiling reply. "Your father will not attend to-day."

"He is no doubt at Wingdon Hall, watching over young Mr. Wingdon with his father. I shudder when I think of that terrible blow. Who ever dreamed that a youth, with but a single arm, should make love to me?"

There was a twinkle in Helen Latimer's blue eyes, and the captain permitted a light laugh to ripple over his lips.

"Not I, Miss Helen," he said. "But you have not visited him since his defeat?"

"I am the colonel's prisoner; but a favorite one, I fear," the girl replied. "If papa knew that he permitted me to attend divine service so far from the fort, there would be a battle of words between the pair, and I might as well find myself in the custody of Colonel Balfour at Charleston. Colonel King is very kind."

"A good soldier whose discipline will not stand against a pair of blue eyes," said the captain in a roguish tone. "But, seriously, Miss Helen, would you mar the confidence that the colonel places in you?"

"Where is the prisoner-of-war who would not escape, were a good chance offered? I am a rebel, my heart is with the cause for which Marion, Sumter and Greene fight like Switzers. Stand still, captain, and give me a start. I warrant that I would take you into the Swamp Fox's den. I did not plead for this liberty; you asked me if I would listen to a Tory's sermon, and I consented. We rebels need watching, ha! ha! ha!"

Her bright eyes glistened, while she laughed till the grove about them rung with a thousand echoes.

"I think you need no watching," Captain Clayton replied. "Rest assured that I would not chase you into Marion's retreat at any rate. The Swamp Fox is a brave fellow, but I do not wish to cultivate his acquaintance."

"You have met him, I believe," said Helen, sarcastically referring to the nocturnal surprise at Azalea.

The captain's cheeks flushed and he bit his lips at a loss for a reply to the cutting taunt, smilingly delivered.

A few moments later the trio dismounted near the door of the church.

It was an antique structure, built with brick brought from England by wealthy emigrants. It was not lofty, but commodious, with great doors, and old-fashioned windows. There was undue space before the pulpit, on either side of which was a tablet containing pointed scriptural truths. Now a few stones mark the site of this olden place of worship, and the stirring events of the Revolution that transpired around it have passed from the memory of man.

It was into this sanctuary that Captain Clayton conducted Helen Latimer.

The entire created a furore among the members of the congregation, and the minister bowed to the pair and pointed to a seat directly before the altar.

It was not Helen's first visit to the church. Before the war she had attended services there with her father; but when the pastor drew sword for freedom, the Tory's attendance ceased, and was not resumed until another minister, a man who, protected by the adherents of the royal cause, preached confusion to King George's enemies.

The sermon interrupted by our heroine's arrival was soon resumed. The discourse, while it was strongly loyal, amused the girl, and she gave it her entire attention, when she was not glancing at her escort to see how he was enjoying it.

The person grew warm as he proceeded; but in the midst of an outburst of ministerial eloquence, he stopped, grew pale and started back with eyes staring at the door.

Instantly a strange cry rung throughout the church, and all eyes were fixed on the entrance where the object of the person's sudden fright had appeared.

A horse and his rider had entered the house of worship, and in the latter's hand was a pistol!

"Silence!" cried the person in the saddle. "I will slay the first person who offers to touch a weapon."

The next moment the horse moved forward, and wheeled suddenly before the altar.

"Come here, Helen!" said the intruder, addressing the patriot girl in whose eyes there suddenly gleamed a look of recognition.

She started from Captain Clayton's side, and the rider leaning forward, lifted her from the floor!

All this was the work of a moment, and the spectators, too amazed to stir, looked on like people in a trance.

"Freedom claims its own!" cried the intruder, in triumph, as his eye swept the groups of pallid faces. "I am Nick of the Night, and my mission hither is accomplished. I have robbed a Tory nest of a stolen dove!"

The last words still quivered the speaker's lips, when his horse started toward the entrance. But he did not leave the altar's court before saluting the astonished Clayton, and glancing at the minister, who was peeping over the pulpit, behind which he had shrunk for protection!

He bent his body as Santee passed from the church, and a moment later was in the grove, with the prize of his sudden dash!

"The altar of Jehovah has been profaned!" shouted the Tory pastor, leaping from his place of concealment as Santee's black tail disappeared through the door. "Rouse you men, and follow the villain! He is the scourge of this district. The Lord will assist us in the chase. He will strengthen the limbs of our animals. Captain Clayton, of the royal army, lead these gallant men after the robber."

But the captain shook his head as he rose to his feet.

"I am on a parole of honor!" he said. "Were I free to pursue, I would not prick a rowl. That young imp deserves success for the boldness of his deed."

The minister gave the captain a look of mingled contempt and scorn, and then his eye swept over the congregation, in a mute appeal for sympathy.

He found but little, for when his flock recovered their equilibrium, they rushed from the church, expecting that a partisan band had taken their horses.

But the steeds were safe; Helen's alone being missing!

## CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH MARION'S MEN SAY "NO!"

THE successful abduction of the patriot girl from the midst of the Tory congregation, created much excitement throughout the neighborhood of its commission. It was one of the boldest acts of the day, and occurring as it did on the heels of the battle in the corridors of Wingdon Hall, it threw much additional notoriety and hatred upon the head of the young partisan.

Captain Clayton reported the abduction to Colonel King before that eventful Sabbath had drawn to a close, and the frown that came to the commandant's face lingered there despite the good-natured captain's laugh over his own discomfiture.

"It is no joke with me," cried the irate colonel, his cheeks flushed with rage. "The girl was under my charge—placed there as the king's enemy—a rebel spy, you may say—by her father, the staunchest loyalist in these parts. My honor was security for her safe-keeping—it was the honor of a British soldier, who never broke his word. Lord Rawdon knew that the girl was in my power, and his last dispatches commanded me to keep her. Captain Clayton, I ought to order you to report to Balfour."

"And I might retaliate by referring your leniency to his lordship."

The colonel looked at his subordinate, in whose power he found himself, and forced a smile upon his lips.

"The girl must be retaken," he said. "Captain, we will not quarrel about each other's faults. Our loyal friend must be officially informed of his daughter's abduction. Will you not volunteer to be the bearer of my dispatches?"

"With pleasure," answered Clayton, with a promptness that surprised his commandant. "I wish to see the fair Bertha, and will break the startling tidings to her father."

So it was arranged that the jovial captain should inform Hugh Latimer of Helen's escape from captivity, and quite early on the following day he left Dorchester for the plantation.

He reached Azalea without accident, and was received with much condescension by its inmates.

To the Tory's inquiries about Helen, the captain replied by delivering Colonel King's message, over which the face of the recipient grew red and white by turns.

His rage was almost ungovernable, and the messenger at one time involuntarily shrunk from him, and his hand moved toward the hilt of his sword.

But when the captain explained the abduction, when he said that no soldier should violate his parole in the slightest particular, the Tory turned his attention to Colonel King, whom he berated rudely in language more expressive than elegant. So terribly did he abuse the commandant at Dorchester, that Bertha, who was present at the interview, turned her back upon him and covered her ears with her delicate hands in order to keep out the Niagara of invectives.

There was a smile on Clayton's face during the Tory's abuse of his colonel, and he almost wished that King could have entered the parlor in the midst of it. There would have been bloodshed, for the colonel was no less impetuous than the Tory.

All at once Hugh Latimer ceased his ravings and changed his tone.

"Do you know where Marion is?" he asked the captain.

"No, but I could find him."

"To-day?"

"Or to-night."

"Good! Bertha, bring your writing-desk to me immediately. I will see if this Swamp Fox will sanction such acts as that performed yesterday."

The girl left the room and soon returned, bearing a tiny *secretaire* which she placed on the table.

"A letter from loyalist to rebel on *bulletin* paper," said the Tory, as, with a smile at the captain, he seated himself at the table.

"Strange paper for correspondence in war times; but Marion is just gallant enough to respect such a letter."

Then the Tory fell to writing, and while his quill rapidly scribbled over the sheet, Bertha and the captain carried on a low conversation at a window on the further side of the room.

In a short time Hugh Latimer's voice interrupted the *tele-tele*, and the pair turned to him.

"There! I have written to that troublesome will-o'-the-wisp. Captain, do me a favor by reading my letter."

The British officer approached the table and read the following epistle which the Tory put into his hands:

"AZALEA, Apr. 7, 1781.

"TO GENERAL FRANCIS MARION:

"MY DEAR SIR:—It is with regret that I have to report and complain of a dastardly outrage committed by a person belonging to your command. Yesterday afternoon my youngest daughter, Helen, was forcibly taken from a church where she was worshipping, by a boy who has won, by questionable means, the soubriquet of Nick of the Night. He is well known to you, and it is to your camp that he has forcibly borne my child. Therefore, General, I trust you will repudiate such brigandish warfare by delivering my daughter to my bosom. The bearer of this communication will reconduct Helen home. I sincerely hope that you will not sanction the abduction of women from the very altar of Jehovah. The high respect which I, though your foe, entertain for you, leads me to hope that my child will be restored without bloodshed. Should you refuse to entertain my request, I shall at once inaugurate certain actions which might result disastrously to your command, and accomplish my desires concerning my child. With respect I have the honor to be, General, Your obedient servant."

"HUGH LATIMER."

When Captain Clayton finished reading the communication, he looked at its author who had watched him closely.

"Well?" said Latimer.

"I think Marion will pay no attention to this!" answered the officer.

"But the threat—the broad hint of vengeance at the foot of the letter," cried Hugh Latimer, flushing visibly and mad in an instant.

"What does Francis Marion care for threats? Not that!" and the speaker snapped his fingers in the Tory's face. "I fancy that your letter would be greeted with a loud guffaw in the rebel camp. I am speaking in earnest, my dear Latimer."

"And I am in earnest when I swear that Francis Marion shall read this letter if I have to thrust it into his face."

"No! not papa!" cried Bertha, whose dread of the Swamp Fox approached the superstitious. "You shall not deliver the letter. Why, Marion would string you up for your impudence. I will seek the man, and my hands will give him the communication."

Captain Clayton glanced at the girl and saw that she was speaking in earnest.

The next moment, with the gallantry that had characterized his soldier life, from its inception, he offered himself as the messenger, and was immediately accepted by the Tory. Bertha demurred at this, but when the captain assured her that his parole would protect him, she acquiesced in the arrangement, and saw him hide the epistle in an inner pocket.

It was in the afternoon when Greycliff Clayton left Azalea with the letter committed to his

care by Hugh Latimer—the letter which the Tory confidently thought that Francis Marion would respect.

The present whereabouts of the dashing partisan officer were not known, and the captain hoped to encounter some members of his band at the approach of night. Such an encounter was his only hope of success, and when the sun went down he found himself near several large brakes, not far from the banks of the Ashley.

All at once while the messenger was thinking about the probable failure of his mission, he heard the tramp of a squadron of horses, and presently saw a troop advancing toward him over the road which he was traversing. His resolve to halt the body was formed in the twinkling of an eye, and a minute later he made six and thirty men draw rein by uttering the word "halt!" He saw swords flash from their scabbards, and a score of carbines were leveled at his breast.

"I seek Francis Marion, for whom I have a message," the captain said, and while the last word still quivered his lips a little man rode from the troop and touched his chapeau politely.

"Marion, at your service," he said. "The message."

Captain Clayton produced the Tory's letter, and a moment later a sergeant's tinder-box improvised a light.

A murmur of surprise ran through the troop when the light revealed the messenger's uniform, and all eyes were fixed on Marion, who was perusing the epistle.

All at once the little Huguenot looked up at the captain.

"Was this epistle written in good faith?" he asked, with a doubtful smile on his dark face.

"It was. I saw it written," the captain replied.

"My men shall answer it."

The Swamp Fox, turning in his saddle, said, in a loud voice:

"Patriots, Hugh Latimer, the Tory, demands the restoration of Helen to Azalea. His messenger is here, and he shall bear your decision to the plantation. What do you say? Shall I command the girl's return?"

A second's silence did not follow the last sentence.

A loud and determined "No" was the reply. Thirty-five troopers had spoken as one man, and five-and-thirty swords were ready to fight for Helen Latimer!

"Marion's men sometimes speak for Marion," the Swamp Fox said to the British captain. "I do not make war on women. Helen Latimer, as she is called, is one of us, and the deed performed in the church was but the rescue of a prisoner from the enemy. I like the old Tory's threats; they promise to give me something to do. Deliver him the message my men have spoken, and tell him that two score of swords glitter between him and the fair creature whom he calls child."

Captain Clayton was a man of few words when on duty. He drew his steed from the center of the road and saluted the partisan.

Marion returned the salute, the light was extinguished, and six-and-thirty horses galloped away.

"Just as I expected!" said the messenger, with a decided tinge of humor in his tone. "These fellows will fight to the death for that girl. By my troth! I almost wish that I was leader of that heroic band. Mr. Hugh Latimer, you misjudged your man. There'll be a thunder-storm at Azalea when I return."

With a laugh the captain rode away.

## CHAPTER XIV.

HUGH LATIMER'S LAST VISITOR.

A TERRIBLE outburst of passion followed Greycliff Clayton's return to Azalea. The Tory shook with rage upon the receipt of Marion's reply to his letter, and he vowed that the partisan chief would live to regret his action.

He (the Tory) rode with the captain to Dorchester, where he had an interview with the commandant. At this interview Hugh Latimer's wrath did not get the better of him, for he kept it under control, and was careful not to accuse the lofty officer of a breach of trust.

He wanted Colonel King to spare no pains to effect Helen's return, and the soldier promised to do all in his power to bring about the mutually desired end.

Satisfied that he had a firm ally in the commandant at Dorchester, Hugh Latimer returned to Azalea somewhat buoyant in spirits, but still passionate. Servants kept aloof, and Bertha at the sound of his oaths in the house fled to her chamber. He was a terrible man in his moods, and the trembling girl feared that anger would dethrone his reason.

But the days passed with occasional outbursts of madness. No tidings came from Helen, who all believed was secure in one of Marion's retreats, and Hugh Latimer began to curse anew the tardiness of Colonel King.

The battle of Hobkirk's Hill had been fought, and the Tory's heart beat high with exultation. Greene had been defeated, and was retreating before a superior force of the enemy.

The patriot cause in the Carolinas was again under a cloud, and Balfour was sparing several strong detachments from Charleston for the purpose of crushing Marion and Sumter, the latter who had won the soubriquet of the "Game Cock of South Carolina."

The young reader may suppose that the partisan chieftains held many secret consultations. They met at dead of night in the center of rivers, on the edge of thickets and brakes, and in the midst of the dark forest the sleeping birds were roused by the strong and earnest voice of Thomas Sumter.

The darkest days for the Palmetto State were trying the souls of her sons, and the cause of the king was brightening beneath her mellow skies.

Hugh Latimer was the sole occupant of his library one night; the old clock—a ponderous "wall-sweeper"—was ticking away behind him while he sat at a table littered with manuscripts and open, official-looking documents.

The Tory's face wore a painful expression, as he unfolded various parchments, over which he glanced scrutinizingly before he laid them aside. The heap at his left grew in bulk, and there were but few documents at his right hand.

At last he left the table, and kindled a fire in the antique grate. Then he took the little heap of papers which he had placed at his right hand, and bent over the blaze, momentarily growing bigger. There was a smile of triumph on his face, and it was evident that the destruction of the papers would prove a victory for him.

He was about to consign them to the flames, when he heard his name uttered in a tone that caused him to start like a man stung by an adder.

Clutching the papers in his nervous hands, the Tory sprang to his feet, and, whirling suddenly, confronted the speaker.

This personage was an object of pity—a being from the realms of starvation and rags, a man who looked like a maniac.

He was enough to frighten Hugh Latimer out of his wits, and the Tory exhibited signs of pallor as he gazed in silence on the strange man.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 322.)

## TO MISS S. P. W.

BY A. S. L., JR.

I am alone and sad to-night, love—  
Alone with the twilight breeze;  
I list to the south wind sighing  
And whispering through the trees.  
The stars seem so cold and sad, love,  
That I send on the south wind, darling,  
Tho' they twinkle so clear and bright,  
And seem to be smiling on me, love,  
From their beautiful homes to-night.

Do you think of your lover, darling?  
Or hear the soft whispers to thee,  
That I send on the south wind, darling,  
For the gift that was sent to me?  
And when the days have bid farewell, love,  
Thou art keeping us apart,  
With a wreath of summer roses, love,  
I will crown thee queen of my heart.

But I feel sad—so sad to-night, love,  
I gaze on the star-lit sky,  
And I am so weary and lonely, love,  
Thou I cannot tell thee why.  
Then, oh, write to me—cheer me, darling,  
There's magic in words from thee,  
If you are thinking of me, darling,  
Thou art all this world to me!

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

In these present days of a furore for pitching honors among the base-ball fraternity, a chapter on pitching will not be out of place or uninteresting, and therefore we give below some instruction in the art which, will, no doubt, prevent many a young pitcher from beginning at the wrong end of his training, as too many are apt to do.

## THE ELEMENTS OF PITCHING.

There are three primary elements required in a successful pitcher, without which no man can ever excel in the position. The first is command of the ball; the second is pluck in facing the swiftest batted balls, and the third is the judgment to outwit your adversary at the bat. The power to pitch a swift ball, and the endurance to withstand the fatigue of a long game, and a so the control of temper sufficient to bear with the annoyances of poor support in the field, are also among the requisites of a first-class pitcher. But these latter qualities would be next to useless without the former; while, on the other hand, a pitcher may be successful even if he can neither pitch swift, nor keep his temper when chances for outs are missed. But speed without command of the ball is too costly to pay, and lack of pluck prevents the use of a man's judgment; and without a man uses his brains in pitching he becomes a mere machine player, and a pitcher any skillful and experienced batsman can punish.

## SPEED AND ITS ADVANTAGE.

It depends a great deal upon circumstances whether speed in pitching will yield successful results or not. A swiftly pitched ball, while at the same time that it puzzles the eye and intimidates the nerve of a young or inexperienced batsman, enables the skillful player to secure a greater number of bases by safe and sure hits than that of a medium-paced delivery, with its difficult curved lines. Again, swift pitching requires a plucky and able catcher to face it—one who can not only stand punishment well, but who can also keep his temper, for wild balls will come in to him now and then from the best of swift pitchers. But speed in pitching unquestionably troubles the great majority of batsmen, as it requires nerve and a quick eye to face it and punish it to any extent. Speed without command of the ball, however, is worse than useless, for it not only affords opportunities for securing bases on called balls, but it enables bases to be run on passed balls to an extent which yields more runs to the batting party than the speed does chances for outs for the fielders. The rule of success in all styles of pitching is "how not to do it," or in other words, never to pitch a ball to the batsman where he wants it, if you can avoid doing so by any means; and this must always be the rule in slow pitching, or you will see your pitching very badly punished as certain as you send in slow balls to the bat.

## CHANGING THE PACE.

Nothing so bothers the general class of batsmen as a sudden and well-disguised change of pace in pitching. But to be effective in deceiving the batsman it must be disguised, and this art of disguising the change in delivery is one few possess. Probably Harry Wright, of the Boston club, is the most successful in practicing it. Its effect is very bothering to the sight and aim of the batsman. For instance, when the striker, in taking his position at the bat, sees two or three balls pass him at great speed, he at once settles himself to strike quickly at the ball. Just as he does this the ball is "dropped short," as the term is, that is, it is sent in at a pace only half as fast as before, and the batsman, not expecting it, strikes too quickly, and misses it, or if he hits it at all he is sure to send it to one or the other of the in-fielders, and he is easily put out. So, also, in the case of a change from slow to fast delivery, the batsman in the latter instance not striking quick enough.

## HEADWORK IN DELIVERY.

A pitcher who seldom uses his judgment in pitching is not worth much, no matter how skillful he may be in other respects. In fact, "headwork" as it is technically termed is the great element of success in pitching. A pitcher who never brings his judgment into play, stands in his position and slings ball after ball to the bat with all the speed he can, and with no idea as to where the ball is going after it leaves his hand, except that he sends it toward the batsman. This style of thing is nothing but machine work, and if it is followed by chances for the fielders to put their opponents out, it is more by sheer good luck than skill that such a result ensues, for assuredly the pitcher does not merit credit for it. But the man who uses his brains to assist him in his work, studies the style of batting of his opponents, finds out their weak points, and tempts them by his skillful play to hit the very balls he wants them to hit. If the pitcher sees an adversary at the bat whom he knows to be very fond of hitting heavy at a particular kind of ball, and generally to one position of the field, by a private signal he sends his fielder in the right spot, and then pitches the ball just where the batsman wants it, and away it goes, amid the plaudits of the crowd, or out to left field, only to be held in style by the fielder judiciously placed there for the purpose. Now, it is this style of play which constitutes "headwork" in a pitcher, and with this exercise of the pitcher's judgment, combined with good support in the field, to assist the attacking nine, it takes a very skillful and experienced party of batsmen to escape defeat.

## THE LEAGUE PENNANT CAMPAIGN.

Thus far in the League pennant series of contests the West has an advantage over the East, the former having shown better fielding and pitching, judging by the excess of single figure scores in the list of victories recorded. The Western clubs have, we learn, through the efforts of Mr. Hurlburt of the Chicago Club,

and Mr. Cammeyer, of the Mutual, amicably settled the vexed question as to whether the Western clubs should visit the East first, or vice versa, and the former are to come East, the series of games having been arranged to be played every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Tuesday, May 23d, to Saturday, June 17th. The clubs will play in the order decided by lot. Thus while the Chicago nine is playing in Boston, the St. Louis will be playing in Hartford, the Cincinnati in Brooklyn, and the Louisville in Philadelphia, games being played in each city simultaneously. It is a capital arrangement plan and creditable to Mr. Hurlburt's skill in the matter of laying out such schedules. The record of the League pennant contests up to May 15th, is as follows. The clubs' names are given in the order of won games.

Clubs.	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Boston	Athletic	Cincinnati	Mutual	Games won
Chicago	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Games lost	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

The model games in the professional arena the past week have been as follows:

May 8, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis.....	3	0
" 8, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.....	2	2
" 13, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago.....	4	2
" 9, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis.....	5	0
" 8, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston.....	9	1
" 10, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.....	5	0
" 11, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....	6	5
" 8, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....	7	4
" 11, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.....	9	5

## THE AMATEUR ARENA.

The most interesting of the series of amateur club contests of the season are those in which the College club nines participate, and of those, the series between the University nines of Harvard and Yale take precedence. Glancing over the record of College club matches in which these rivals for collegiate base-ball fame have taken part, we find that Harvard bears off the honors, having had the most practice in match playing. The record is as follows:

April 13, Harvard vs. Lowell, at Lowell.....	3	1
May 5, Harvard vs. Suffolk, at Boston.....	8	1
" 10, Harvard vs. Taunton, at Taunton.....	9	1
April 23, Harvard vs. Live Oak, at Lyman.....	9	8
" 19, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston.....	6	2
May 4, Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston (11 in.).....	4	3

The other games were marked by double figures for the winning nines, and are not given. The Yale contests are as follows:

May 11, New Haven vs. Yale, at New Haven.....	9	2
" 18, New Haven vs. Yale, at New Haven.....	6	1
April 22, Hartford vs. Yale, at Hartford.....	6	1

The best College game thus far was that in which the Trinity nine took part.

May 6, Trinity College vs. Charter Oak.....	1	2
" 10, Trinity College vs. Charter Oak.....	7	5

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Catarrrh is a common disease, so common that



## A SERENE WORSHIPER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He settled down into his pew—  
Two hundred pounds of him;  
The look of quiet on his face  
Was anything but dim;  
I saw he seemed to be at rest  
Even from the opening hymn.

The preacher spoke of sinners vile  
You saw upon his face  
The inward pity that he felt  
For all the wicked race—  
He closed his eyes as if to give  
Thanks for controlling grace.

He did not open them again,  
As I could plainly see;  
Communing with his inner self  
He seemed at peace to be;  
I looked upon that happy man,  
And wished that I were he.

The preacher spoke of torments dire  
In store for wicked men;  
It did not shake him in the least,  
So conscious he was of the sin  
That 'twas his neighbor spoken of  
Who was as bad as ten.

The preacher pictured happy shores  
Which are awaiting those  
Who don't on Sunday go to church  
To vindicate their clothes,  
And he, not being one of such,  
Went deeper in repose.

So full of sweet content he felt  
He did not seem to care  
For outward things of lesser worth  
That only bring despair.  
I knew he thought of stocks and deeds  
That go to make life fair.

A sinful fly lit on his nose,  
But he was so serene  
I thought he thought 'twould break his  
thoughts  
To brush that fly so mean;  
Its feet they didn't tickle him,  
His conscience was so clean.

His head went down upon his breast  
As if he humbly bent;  
His spectacles upon the floor  
Were by this time bent;  
But still he let not this disturb  
His feelings of content.

I think I never saw a man  
So free from worldly care;  
He had a very peaceful breast  
As I was well aware.  
The congregation all went out  
And left him sitting there.

## Lucky for Somebody.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MISS PRUDENCE MAYFAIR took off her steel-rimmed glasses, and polished them thoughtfully with a corner of her apron before she put them in their case. Then she carefully folded and replaced in its envelope a square, delicately-perfumed envelope, with a monogram in one corner—a well-filled note-sheet, that began, "Dear old auntie," and that ended, "Yours affectionately, Gussie."

Then, Miss Mayfair looked over to Mrs. Needham, who had run in for a neighborly call at the same time the postman had left Gussie Mayfair's letter.

"I suppose I shall have to be going, after all," said Miss Prudence. "Gussie is possessed I shall come and see the wonderful young fellow she's half-consented to marry."

Miss Prudence looked half-delighted, half-dignified as she detailed the delicious morsel of gossip, and Mrs. Needham's eyes opened wide at the news.

"Go to York! you, Miss Mayfair! Why, it'll take two or three days, won't it? and no end of money to get there?"

Miss Prudence leaned back contentedly in her straight chair.

"Four days hard riding by the Erie, and considerable money. But you know I don't mind like some people; and Gussie's a good little girl, for all her highfalutin airs, and her living in her big brown-stone house all alone with only her servants. Besides, I've an idea I'd like to see New York once. So I'm going."

When Miss Mayfair said she intended to do a thing she always did do it; and *vice versa*; and pretty Gussie, hundreds of miles off, had been promised that if she chose a husband to aunt Prudence's liking, that aunt Prudence would make her sole heiress of the immense Mayfair wealth, those Western people knew was sure and solid as the hills—whatever private opinions some people may have had to see funny little Miss Prudence, who wore a cloak fifty years old, and who carried a big bead bag on her arm wherever she went, winter or summer, to church or a wedding, a funeral or to the store.

Independent, intelligent, executive, and big-hearted—Gussie had always loved and respected her relative, who had made such a good home for the orphan child until Gussie had gone East to seek her fortunes with the wonderful talent God had given her—and succeeded—all on account of "the curious little bits of sky and sea, and hill and valley" aunt Prudence declared she painted without so much as looking at them.

So, Gussie Mayfair had prospered and secured herself a pleasant home and an income suited to her tastes and needs; and in the far-distant Western country aunt Prudence managed her farm, and sold her crops, and added interest to principal, and saved her dividends—all in the hopes that bonny Gussie would some day have it all.

And so aunt Prudence packed her little hair-cloth trunk, and shut up her house, and left her orders with honest Jim Brown, the farmer and overseer generally, and bought her ticket for New York—the wonderful, wicked, magnificent city she had dreamed of all her days; while Mrs. Needham solemnly declared it was "flyin' straight in the face of Providence," rushing off, as Miss Prudence did, at her age, and all alone, on such a journey.

But, four days of glorious weather, and a comfortable palanquin-car brought Miss Mayfair safely to the door of an imposing house on Murray Hill; and a minute later Gussie was welcoming her warmly.

A porcelain picture, framed in dark-maroon velvet, with dainty gilt rests and a tiny bow of light-blue ribbon to hang it by; and Gussie Mayfair's eager, smiling face looking at aunt Prudence, as she placed her lover's picture in the wrinkled, bonny hands.

"There, auntie, that is Algernon. Now tell me just what you think. Isn't he perfectly splendid? Did you ever see a handsomer fellow? And, oh, auntie, he is just as nice as he looks."

Aunt Prudence smiled, and looked from Algernon Morey's bold, handsome face to Gussie's own—so radiant and pleasant that it was little wonder she had scores of love-sick admirers.

"Well, which am I to give? My candid opinion, or subscribe to yours? Shall I say I like his looks, or—"

Gussie gave a little cry.

"Oh, don't say you don't like him, because I should be terribly disappointed. Anyhow, you'll admit he's handsome?"

Aunt Prudence held her head to one side, critically, and looked down in the smiling,

black eyes, at the heavy masses of dark hair and the drooping, graceful mustache.

"Y—e—s—a handsome man, Gussie—that is, if you admire so much black and white. However, looks aren't much."

Gussie's cheeks flushed exquisitely, as she glanced shyly at the picture.

"I do like black and white, auntie, if by that you mean Algernon's style. And besides his beauty he's so good. He never swears, or smokes, or chews, or plays cards, or races horses, or drinks, or—or anything."

Miss Mayfair coughed dryly.

"He's too good to keep, I'm afraid. Why, I play cards, and I don't see the harm, either."

Gussie smiled sweetly.

"But I meant for money, you know. There's nothing Al so hates as playing for money. He has often told me so. And, besides, he goes regularly to church, auntie."

Gussie's voice was full of proud enthusiasm; but aunt Prudence was solemnly studying the face before her.

"Oh, he does, does he? To your church, I suppose, when you go?"

Gussie frowned a little.

"He would go all the same, auntie. Please don't be hard on him. Only wait till you see him before you pass judgment."

Miss Mayfair laid the picture thoughtfully aside.

"Niece Augusta—I'm sorry to say so—but I don't like the cut of his jib. You mark my words—that young fellow, for all his handsome face, isn't to be trusted. Mind now, and look out for him."

"Not to be trusted! Why, aunt Prudence, what do you mean? Mr. Morey is a gentleman of unexceptionable character and reputation."

Little crimson spots began to burn on Gussie's cheeks; but Miss Mayfair only answered very quietly:

"I can't help it, child. I know the right sort of a man when I see him, if I have lived out West all my life. Where are you going to take me to-day, Gussie? It's my last week, remember."

"If you only would stay all winter! You could, just as well as not, auntie, only you think you can't. Where shall we go? You wouldn't care for the Park, or a last shopping-tour? Shall it be a 'Pique' matinee, or the minstrels—or—oh, auntie, didn't you tell me you wanted to see one of those landscapes of mine at Goupil's?"

Gussie was fluttering like some rare tropical bird around the room—her brilliant hair and eyes, and the gay ribbons of her morning dress making her very gay and airy.

Aunt Prudence reached out for her bead bag that lay on an etagere.

"That's it, Gussie. We'll go to that outlandish named place, and see that picture of yours folks are raving over. Will it be for sale, child? I might buy it, you know—not that you haven't been free as water giving me little things—but I suppose I might get it for a dollar or so, mightn't I—maybe a couple of dollars?"

Gussie smiled serenely.

"We'll see when we get there, auntie. I wish Algernon would come. Isn't it strange he should be off on a pleasure trip the very time you are here? Oh, auntie, I do so want you to see him."

Aunt Prudence looked over her glasses.

"Do you think he'll be home this week? I might stay over my time if I thought—"

Gussie took her up suddenly.

"That's it!—stay, and you'll be sure to change the unpleasant opinion you've formed of him. Now, I'll ring for the carriage, and we'll dress and go out."

For a wonder, Goupil's was deserted that day, when Miss Mayfair and aunt Prudence went in among the pictures—themselves making an unconscious tableau as Gussie kindly and courteously escorted the older lady from one rare specimen of artistic skill to another—until even at last aunt Prudence admitted she was unable to suit her picture of all she had seen would suit her best to buy and carry West.

"I never was so mixed up in my own days, Gussie," she said, helplessly, as she set down one of the little sofas. "What I'm to do I don't know. I want one I saw somewhere, of yours, and I can't even remember the subject. Suppose you get me a catalogue, Gussie, and leave me to study it awhile, and you run around to Stewart's to order those damask napkins you spoke of."

Gussie laughingly complied.

"If you want a half-hour of undisturbed repose, auntie—certainly. I will send you a catalogue to help clear the cobwebs from your brain, and I'll come back as soon as I can."

She looked very fair and noble in her thoughtful, ladylike attentions to the old-fashioned, country-looking relative, and went out to her carriage with a firm, proud tread that did the very soul of aunt Prudence good as she looked almost wistfully after her.

"To think she'll throw herself away on such a fellow as I know that beat of hers! Well—it's a pity I haven't seen him, after my coming purposely, too. It's my private opinion the young gentleman knows I'm here, and keeps out of the way, thinking I am keen enough to understand him."

Then Miss Prudence settled herself comfortably back in the corner of the sofa, adjusted her glasses and plunged into the catalogue so absorbedly that she actually started in bewilderment to hear a very unfamiliar voice pronounce a very familiar name.

"Reflection 'is Miss Mayfair's latest—and a very pretty thing, too. By the way, Morey, I thought I saw her carriage as we passed Stewart's; why didn't you go in and find her?"

The old lady straightened up.

Morey! Gussie's lover, not a yard from her! She peered over her glasses eagerly, wondering which was he—and then, picked him out instantly, by his black, waving hair, and broad, fine shoulders.

Morey shrugged his shoulders the same instant.

"Thank you, no! I am not supposed to be within a hundred miles of New York just at present—although if I was to meet my lady Gussie face to face, I should only have returned, you know."

Morey's companion frowned inquiringly.

"I don't understand."

"I do, thoroughly. Lynn, Gussie's aunt from the West is on hand—came a month ago, nearly, as Gussie said purposely to form her estimate of me, and I couldn't see it, you know. The idea of such a cat as those sharp old maid aunts are fretting all my shortcomings out—not any, thank you."

They laughed, as if it was a good joke; and aunt Prudence straightened up, stiff as a ramrod, and with an expression in her eyes that was a comical mixture of extreme satisfaction and extreme indignation. She laid down her catalogue, and deliberately scanned the young gentlemen, whose conversation went on in supreme disregard of the presence of such an old-fashioned, unimportant-looking person.

"Then you are not so sure you would stand the test, Morey? I thought Miss Mayfair de-

votion was proof of your popularity in that quarter."

Morey twirled his fancy cane.

"Oh, yes; Gussie's all right. You couldn't make her believe I would touch a card or a cigar with a seven-foot pole; and as for brandy and soda, Lynn, I don't think she'd believe her own eyes if she saw me with an empty glass in my hands. I've succeeded in convincing her, I can tell you—and my reward will compensate for the lies I've told—Miss Gussie and her next little fortune."

Morey pulled out his watch impatiently as he spoke.

"It's strange Morris isn't here. He agreed to come at four, sharp, and take up that bet on Wildfire. I tell you, Lynn, I calculate to make a cool thousand by that race—Jupiter Ammon! If yonder's not my divinity herself! Remember, Lynn—I'm just this hour come to the city!"

Aunt Prudence looked up to see Gussie approaching—fair, flushed, and so delightfully surprised when Mr. Morey advanced with extended and uplifted hand.

"Algernon! when did you get home? You don't know how anxious I have been. Auntie is here. Aunt Prudence—this is Mr. Algernon Morey—my dear old auntie, Al—Miss Mayfair."

Mr. Morey's countenance turned exceedingly blank, and a gray-green mortification and rage spread over it. He managed to bow, however, under aunt Prudence's smiling, sarcastic eyes.

"I knew it was Mr. Morey, Gussie—half an hour ago. He and his friend have been discussing the old cat of a Western aunt of yours, my dear—and I must say I have been greatly amused and edified. Pray, Mr. Morey, allow me to wish you all success in winning the bet you have on Wildfire—also, that the next time you discuss cards and brandy and soda, you make sure there is no sharp old cat around, who can read you like a book. Come, Gussie, are you ready, my dear?"

Gussie stood, almost petrified, looking at the unmistakably nonplused and guilty face of the man she had come so near—oh, so near—loving!

"Is it true, Mr. Morey?"

She was cold as an icicle as she spoke.

Morey coughed confusedly.

"It was only a joke, I assure you, Miss Mayfair—only a jest. I had not the slightest idea this excellent lady—"

Aunt Prudence tossed her head contemptuously.

"Of course you hadn't, young man! But I want you to understand you can't convince me it was a jest, as easily as you boasted you had convinced my niece Gussie that you would not touch a card with a seven-foot pole. I want you to understand I know you—that I am a sharp old woman, who can convince her niece of a few things you may regret."

She smiled majestically out of the gallery, and Gussie bowed chillingly to Mr. Morey.

And aunt Prudence went home the next day knowing that she had saved her darling from being the wife of a man not worthy to cross her threshold.

And after days proved to Gussie that aunt Prudence was right.

## Romance on the Rail.

## I.—A Ghost "Laid."

BY GUY GLYNDOX.

WE were sitting on the pilot of the General Scott, with the moonlight streaming in at the open round-house door, when the silver disk was not obscured by passing clouds. The little space of floor whitened by the moonlight was somewhat discolored with spots of tobacco-juice, from Cap Lollard's frequent expectoration. Everybody called him Cap, for no better reason, perhaps, than somebody's fancy for nicknames, and, afterward, the convenience of it. He had been on "the road," boy and man, for a quarter of a century, beginning at the brake and ending with his hand on the lever and his eye peering on ahead in quest of lurking danger.

It was his boast that he had been "weaned on head-light oil, and yet he didn't know as much about an engine as his fireman!" He always pointed the sarcasm of this last clause with a sounding oath; but this was his only vanity, and was always received with an indulgent smile.

And now we were waiting in silence, expecting to have the moments whiled by such a story as only he could tell.

"Has anybody got a cheekful of the weed?" he asked, presently, coming out of a reverie and glancing around the circle.

Instantly half a dozen tobacco-pouches were extended to him eagerly, each craving the honor of supplying his want. Cap accepted the most pleasing pouch, and always did that, a quarter of a century, beginning at the brake and ending with his hand on the lever and his eye peering on ahead in quest of lurking danger.

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"Has anybody got a cheekful of the weed?" he asked, presently, coming out of a reverie and glancing around the circle.

Instantly half a dozen tobacco-pouches were extended to him eagerly, each craving the honor of supplying his want. Cap accepted the most pleasing pouch, and always did that, a quarter of a century, beginning at the brake and ending with his hand on the lever and his eye peering on ahead in quest of lurking danger.

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she was worth; but it made her grunt—you bet!—before she raised that grade.

"I'd just cleared the divide, and felt the engine settling the other way fur her down-grade, when blow me if I didn't bust a link an' drop eleven cars! The way we slipped over that ridge was like hot coffee down yer gullet with only five minutes fur refreshments, an' short times at that!"

"As luck would have it, my conductor an' hind brakeman was both in the cab—got to tellin' yarns in there while we was waitin' fur No. 4. You bet yer boots they looked blank at one another when they found that the tail end of our train was boom'n straight fur the Junction, with not a brake set, an' not a man aboard to set one!"

"Just then we heard a whistle, an' knowed it was the express, comin' up the other side o' the Junction. At that the conductor, Bill Jarvis—I'll always remember Bill—got as white about the gills as if he had seen the ghost of his gran'ther."

"I'll be jest in time to meet the express!" says he; 'an' two or three hundred people air on that train! My God! it'll be the biggest butchery on record!"

"The hind brakeman had cleared the tender an' flew from brake to brake, until he come to a standstill. When I was goin' to start back Bill grabbed my arm—an' he didn't lack fur grip, neither, ole hoss!—an' he says, says he, in a loud whisper:

"Wait! Wait!"

"He looked so white an' scared that I done what he told me, jest like a child. An' so we stood an' waited, no one darin' to speak a word."

"It wa'n't long, though; fur the crash come with such a rippin' an' tearin' that the blood run clean down into my toes like ice-water. At that Bill flopped right down on the cab floor, coverin' his head with his arms, with a yell that wa'n't nowise consol'n. I reversed the lever, an' started on the back track; but he jumps up all of a sudden, yellin'!

"Don't take me back there! It is my fault! I should 'a' been in the caboose. My God! I may have murdered a hundred men an' women! Set me down! Set me down!"

"An', fellers, blow me if he didn't jump from the engine, as crazy as a bedbug! But we couldn't stop fur him, but kept on; an' when we got back to the Junction we found things piled up beautiful, you better believe!"

"But the passenger didn't catch it, as we thought. The switch-tender heard the thing a-bowlin' down the hill, an' come out o' his shanty jest in time to throw the switch over, side-track the hull concern, an' so save the express. But No. 4 had to suffer, you bet! It was knocked clean into the middle o' next week!—chawed all up to shivers, as fine as matches! blowed if it wa'n't!"

"An' right here's where this yarn begins. In the caboose o' No. 4 Mike Brady, the section boss, was sleepin'; an' when they pulled him from the wreck he didn't look like no man at all. But he was alive an' kickin', an' could wag his tongue in a way that wa'n't slow, you bet! He knowed he was done for; but he didn't take to the idee worth a cent. The way he ripped it would make a parson's ha'r stand on end; fur Mike wa'n't a God-fearin' man, an' he was mad—madder'n a singed cat!"

"But the worst scared man on the job was Tom Callahan, the switch-tender. He went around whiter'n a spook, wringin' his hands an' explainin' to everybody how he done the best he could; it was Mike's life ag'in the express; an' there wa'n't no malice in it. Ye see, everybody knowed as how Mike and Tom wa'n't on good terms. They'd been at loggerheads ever since Mike come on the section—once comin' to a knock down that was about nip an' tuck for